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EDWIN C. BENNETT.

MUSKET AND SWORD,

OR THE

CAMP, MARCH, AND FIRING LINE

IN THE

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

BY

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PRIVATE, SERGEANT, LIEUTENANT, CAPTAIN, MASS. VOLUNTEERS.
BVT. LIEUT.-COL. U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

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PREFACE.

The literature of the Civil War has been voluminous in its descriptions of campaigns and of the services of our great commanders. It has, however, been deficient in graphic portrayal of the characteristics of the enlisted men and their immediate leaders. The details of practical warfare constituting the every day life of officers and soldiers are worthy of full presentation and careful study.

I have endeavored to faithfully depict types of the representative elements of our devoted army, and to record the opinions current at the front during the different stages of our prolonged contest.

Subjects that are now topics of interest are discussed incidentally in the light of the

past. Among these are included the Canteen question, the duties and services of Chaplains, the care of the wounded, the merits of volunteers, and the various details connected with the management of troops in active campaigns.

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CHAPTER I.

Historical data always available.—Participants passing away.—Reminiscences valuable.—Camp, Firing-line and Hospital to be delineated.—On duty, April 18, 1861.—Rule and gauge cannot be applied to the soul. —Arsenal in New York.—Fortress Monroe.— Gen. Scott. — Annapolis. — Washington. — Reviewed by President.— Death of Ellsworth.— Scene at White House.— Alexandria. — Newspaper slogan, "On to Richmond."— Lincoln at camp.—Fifer's revenge.— March to Centreville.—Watch-fires of a thousand circling camps. — Senator Wilson's sandwiches. — Blunder of 11th Mass.—Ricketts's battery.— Prescott of Concord.—Gen. Heintzelman wounded.—"Boys, I can do no more."—Halt at Centreville.—Retreat to Washington.—Confederate loss.—Gen. W. T. Sherman.—Staff organization.—Gen McDowell.—Boston.

HE great civil war of this country will ever be regarded as an epoch in our history, and will long be the theme of writers and historians, and eventually the immense mass of data available, in official archives, will be exhaustively treated.

The participants in the struggle are fast passing away, and with them are perishing reminiscences, that should be preserved to vivify and supplement the descriptions and deductions of authors and historical students.

Results are readily known, but causes of success are not easily discernible, and it is my purpose in these pages to delineate faithfully the characteristics of the Union soldiers, from the standpoint of the camp, march, firing-line, and hospital. Their devotion was the principal factor in the success of the cause, and every source of information concerning them should be critically studied.

Personal reminiscences have a graphic power that compensates fully for the appearance of egotism that is inseparable from them, but if the narrator adheres strictly to the truth, he is within the limitations of his rights. It is my aim to write a book that will enable its readers to realize what the war was, as seen by those at the front,

and that will make the services of my comrades better understood, and promote the love and appreciation of the blessings of peace.

I joined the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in the summer of 1860. I was then twenty years old. My enlistment was in the company of my native town, Somerville, Mass. The organization was designated as the Somerville Light Infantry, and as Company I, in the 5th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. When the regiment was summoned to arms by Governor John A. Andrew, in response to the call for troops by President Lincoln, after the attack upon Fort Sumter, I reported for duty at the armory of my company, April 18, 1861.

On Saturday, the 20th of April, the regiment assembled at Fanueil Hall, Boston, to receive further equipment, but was not furnished with serviceable uniforms, retaining our gray dress suits with tight fitting padded coats. Many of our number were

recruits, who enlisted for the campaign. Some of them had formerly served in the militia, and all showed remarkable aptitude in learning their duty. The physical examinations were informal, and not by a physician. Zeal and patriotism were recognized as potent factors, and their outward manifestations were given full credence. The rule and gauge cannot be applied to the soul of a man.

Our company was commanded by Captain George O. Brastow, who had long been a leader in public affairs in our community. He was then fifty years of age, his discipline was somewhat paternal, but he never failed to command the affection and respect of his subordinates. My point of observation was that of a private soldier.

Upon the morning of Sunday, April 21, 1861, headed by resounding music, the regiment marched to the Boston and Albany Depot and was soon *en route* for the city of New York. Crowds greeted us at frequent intervals, and the patriotic songs of our

impromptu quartette excited the wildest enthusiasm.

The ovation was indeed inspiring and had lasting effect upon the morale of the regiment.

The attack upon the 6th Mass. Volunteer Militia, in Baltimore, upon the 19th of April, inflamed us, and the general desire with us was to avenge it summarily, and the expectation was that we would have a chance to do so.

We arrived in New York about dusk, and were welcomed by immense crowds, and entertained by generous hosts, at one of the principal hotels.

Early upon the 22nd, we embarked upon a steamer for the South, and were quartered mainly in the hold of the vessel, upon loose hay, and among artillery caissons; and for rations, were dependent for several days upon the contents of our haversacks that were filled in Boston. Water was the only beverage furnished gratuitously. Fortress Monroe presented a charming view. Its

garrison of seventy men had just been reinforced by the 3d and 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. Gen. Winfield Scott, whose services at this period were of inestimable value and do not now receive just recognition, insisted that, from a military or strategic point of view, Fortress Monroe was more important than Washington, as it was the key to Virginia and the right base of operations for the control of the southern coast, and contained immense supplies of ordnance that we needed. We were exceedingly gratified to know that our state had been instrumental in preserving for our cause this position so essential for our success.

We landed at Annapolis, Maryland, on either April 24th or 25th, and rested in the beautiful grounds of the Naval Academy, and at sunset we began our march to Annapolis Junction,—supposed to be only nine miles distant. As our column halted, for some reason unknown to us, on a street lined with comfortable homes, cries of alarm came from women and children, who

had been taught to regard us as ruthless invaders. This was a surprise to us, as we were animated by kindly sentiments towards all non-combatants in the South, and that fact soon became well known.

We halted at the Junction, after a fatiguing tramp along the railroad, as we were worn by the excitement of the week and not hardened by experience in marching; and after a delay of twenty-four hours, took a train for Washington and were quartered in the Treasury Building, near the White House,—we occupied the front facing the Potomac. The windows of the lower floor were partly filled with bags of sand, to screen troops in firing upon assailants. The 6th Mass. Vol. Militia was located in the Capitol, occupying the sumptuous rooms of the Speaker and Committees. The situation was regarded as precarious; the state of Virginia was endeavoring to arbitrate, Robert E. Lee was upon the staff of General Scott until April 20th, and while the Old Dominion hesita-

ted, dreading to be made the theatre of war, the North was putting forth its energies and massing an army in Washington, which was however commanded by Arlington Heights, across the Potomac. The majority of the inhabitants of the District of Columbia were undoubtedly secessionists and were in accord with the general sentiment in Maryland and eastern Virginia, and they had counted upon the support of the city of New York, under the lead of Fernando Wood, and expected to seize the seat of the national government with but little trouble, if war ensued. The uprising in the North thwarted their schemes, and their chagrin was evident, despite efforts to disguise it.

On May 1st, our regiment paraded for muster in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House. General Irwin McDowell was the mustering officer. The ceremony was quite impressive. At its conclusion, we entered the grounds of the Executive Mansion and passed in review before President

Lincoln. He was dressed in black and was very erect; his hair was untouched by the frosts of time and care; his whole bearing was sympathetic, yet dignified. He was then 52 years old, but looked younger.

The regiment was kept under strict discipline, and was drilled almost daily in the streets of Washington, which, with but few exceptions, were in a primitive condition. Our quarters were crowded and unhealthy, and the physical condition of the battalion was unsatisfactory, and we were all eager for a change.

Upon May 24th, Alexandria, on the Virginia side of the Potomac and six miles below Washington, was occupied by the Union forces, and we were under arms and marched to the river,—but soon returned to our quarters.

Col. Ellsworth, commanding the New York Fire Zouave regiment, was killed in the Marshall House, Alexandria, by the proprietor, while he was returning from the roof with a rebel flag. His body lay in

state in the east room of the White House. I gained admission, and was deeply impressed by the grief manifested by those who thronged to gaze upon the remains of a gallant soldier, whose ability and zeal had presaged a useful and brilliant career. His action was rash. His place was with his regiment, and he should not have left it to do a corporal's duty.

Within two or three days following the seizure of Alexandria, we crossed the Potomac and camped in a field skirted by the canal, and near Alexandria. We had, at this time, been furnished with the plain and serviceable uniforms of the regular army. What became of our showy militia garments, I cannot recall. We soon changed our location to a large common nearly a mile west of Alexandria, and were busy with patrol duty in the city and with labor upon the ditches and embankments of Fort Ellsworth. The boys toiled patiently, but were grateful when laborers from the North relieved them.

The New York papers were received regularly. The Tribune was very bitterly opposed to the policy pursued by Gen. Scott in stopping on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, and fortifying elaborately Arlington Heights. Its denunciations were almost frantic, but unavailing. The General recognized the fact that we were at war, and he was determined not to deviate from sound military principles, which dictated that he should secure his base of operations, and at the same time ensure the safety of the Capital, — a very important consideration politically.

We were assigned to the 1st Brigade, commanded by Gen. Franklin. The 11th Massachusetts Volunteers and 1st Minnesota were also in the Brigade, which belonged to Heintzelman's Division. The 1st Minnesota became famous, and had in its ranks a great many Maine men, who had emigrated from the pineries of that state to the lumber camps of Minnesota.

Dr. Luther V. Bell was Surgeon of the

11th Mass. He was a gentleman of large means and of very high rank in his profession, and entered the service from patriotic motives. He had been a resident of Somerville for several years, and, visiting our company, proffered his professional skill and purse to us, when needed. The health of the regiment improved, although the heat was intense.

Our duties were arduous, but were occasionally enlivened by events worthy of note. The President visited the camp with W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, and without a military escort, and stopped fully a half hour. He wore a long close-fitting linen duster, which magnified his stature of six feet four inches. No review was ordered; he simply passed through the company streets and greeted pleasantly all whom he met. President Lincoln, upon his merits as a man, was always first in the hearts of the great majority of the Army of the Potomac. In him they knew they had a friend sincere and steadfast,

who recognized manhood, irrespective of rank.

There occurred, while in this camp, an incident, trifling in itself, but illustrative of the lights and shades of military life. A fifer, for some petty offence, was sentenced by the regimental court-martial to play upon his instrument for two hours in front of headquarters. The sentence failed to prescribe the programme, it having been supposed that it would be varied, as the performer was skilled in his profession. He however saw his opportunity, and selected a doleful air entitled, "On the Road to Boston," and inflicted it upon his hearers until his time had expired. The boys appreciated the joke, and the Field and Staff endeavored to conceal their discomfiture, but did not succeed.

We were present, in heavy marching order, at a parade of the division through the streets of Alexandria, early in July. It was apparent a blow would be struck before the expiration of the time of the

three-months men. The people were goaded by the visionary element to demand immediate and aggressive action. The regiment had become very proficient in skirmish drill; and in all field exercises its appearance was worthy of a battalion that had been trained for years. The men were chiefly from cities and large towns, and accustomed to system and obedience in their home avocations, and were resolved to master the details of military life in as brief time as possible.

We commenced our movement to Bull Run July 16, reaching Centerville, twenty miles distant, upon the 18th. We had no cover, not even the little shelter-tents,— afterwards so familiar, — but gathered boughs and cut poles to sustain them, and managed to screen ourselves from the sun.

The spectacle at night was inspiring,— thousands of fires illumined the hills and valleys. "The watch-fires of a thousand circling camps" were grand beyond description. Our rations were limited upon

the 19th, and some stray sheep were caught and killed by the regiment and were a welcome addition to our rations.

A regiment camped near us claimed its discharge, and was probably in equity entitled to it, although technically held, as its muster by the government did not date back to the time when it was actually on duty, and after considerable controversy its contention was allowed. Our regiment could have made the same plea, as it assembled in Faneuil Hall, April 20, but was mustered for three months to date from May 1; but there was no protest entered,—we were willing to fight whether our term was out or not.

Ricketts's Battery bivouacked near us. It belonged to the regular army, and the fine bearing of its men and the thoroughness with which duty was done had an excellent effect. Nearly all of its enlisted men had been long in the service; not one had deserted, or asked for discharge on account of sympathy for secession. I believe Magruder

had been their captain, and was popular, but could not influence any of his men by his example in leaving our army and joining the Confederates.

A skirmish at Blackburn's Ford, on the 18th, in which Richardson's Brigade was engaged and behaved admirably, excited much interest. The 1st Mass. Volunteer Infantry was in the brigade and was handled with skill and great intrepidity by Col. Robert Cowdin. The Union loss was 83 killed and wounded.

On the morning of the 21st of July, 1861, our columns were in motion for the Bull Run field, on the plains of Manassas.

We soon met Senator Henry Wilson in an open barouche. He had a large hamper of sandwiches, which were freely given by an attendant to the soldiers. We met with many delays, but at 11:30 were near the enemy. We halted and loaded, and then advanced in column by company.

We passed over a field abounding in ripe blackberries. Our precision and steadiness

were so marked as to cause us to be taken for Regulars. A poor fellow bleeding profusely was borne in a blanket past us to the rear. The sight seemed to infuriate our men who were confident and determined.

We halted upon an undulation and below its crest, on our left was the 11th Massachusetts Volunteers. It was not well in hand. We were soon ordered to fire by company, and every company advancing in turn to the summit fired deliberately and then filed to the rear. When the 11th Massachusetts was ordered to fire it was not under control and arose and fired *en masse*, and as they had only the front of one company and the ground ascended towards the enemy they killed and wounded many of their own numbers. We called out to them to stop, and our adjutant, John G. Chambers, rushed among them and aided very much in getting them comparatively calm. The 11th Massachusetts was a new regiment of excellent material, and soon became very efficient, in fact, fought afterwards in line

in this battle, with great steadiness.

Ricketts's battery was well placed, to our right and rear, and was delivering an effective fire. It was soon advanced across a farm road, into an open field in our front. We filed to the right and then to the left, up the road behind the battery, to support it, or attack the enemy as might be advisable.

It was a blunder to put the artillery in the lead, and could only have been made upon the supposition that the rebels were demoralized. If it had taken position on the other side of the road, and where there were many commanding points, it would have had a screen of infantry to protect it, and which would have been encouraged by its fire, which would have passed over our men. The short distance to the enemy in the woods placed them in easy range. Solid shot and shells are more effective against troops sheltered by timber than grape or canister. The battery ventured so near the Confederate line of battle that the men

were stricken down like grass before a scythe. They did not have a chance to unlimber before one half their number were killed and wounded. One caisson or amunition wagon passed over or through us. It was drawn by six horses in three spans or pairs, with a rider or driver for each span. Three men were on the seat ; all of them were wounded. One only, a sergeant, could sit erect. Their course would have taken them over a wounded man lying helpless in the ditch beside the road. The sergeant called out sharply to the drivers ordering them to swing to the left, saving the poor fellow from further injury. As they swerved from their course a horse in the middle span was shot, and fell, but the harness was strong and he was drawn rapidly along out of the close range of the merciless fire.

Captain J. B. Ricketts commanded his battery with dauntless bravery and was wounded, losing a leg, and was taken prisoner. He was soon exchanged and made Brigadier General, and commanded a divi-

sion of the 6th Corps, and was distinguished for his bravery and unselfish devotion.

When General Sedgwick was killed, the corps chief of staff, notified General Ricketts, that as senior division general, the command of the corps devolved upon him. He replied, saying: "General Sedgwick thought that General Wright should succeed him," and when General Wright assumed command by order of General Meade, he was zealously supported by General Ricketts, who remained at the head of his division.

The 5th Massachusetts was at this time somewhat broken; the Lieutenant Colonel and Major had been commissioned in the regular army, and the vacancies had not been filled. Col. S. C. Lawrence was wounded early in the contest, and Lt. John Chambers was the only officer of the field and staff remaining. He was very brave and efficient but could not be everywhere.

A portion of our company, in which I was included, attached themselves to the company from Concord belonging to the regi-

ment. It was led by Captain Geo. L. Prescott, afterwards Colonel of the 32d Massachusetts Volunteers, and killed at Petersburg June 18, 1864. He displayed great gallantry. I well recall his exhortations and example. We were in line with the 1st Minnesota and were as steadfast, which is claiming very much. Many organizations fought desperately and kept their formations intact. This applies to battalions only; there was a lack of unity as brigades and divisions.

General S. P. Heintzelman in command of the division was mounted on a coal black horse. He exposed himself fearlessly and was severely wounded in an arm, and when faint from pain and loss of blood, said apologetically to the men around him: "Boys, I can do no more." He was warmly praised by those who heard him and urged to retire. He was a Pennsylvanian, and an officer of the regular army, and very simple and frank in manners. His intrepidity and unselfish loyalty to the cause combined with his other

noble qualities made him very popular in the army. He was then quite gray and was not physically vigorous.

On our portion of the field the battle was hotly contested for more than two hours. We retained the open ground and the enemy held the woods. Finally they were reinforced heavily and our troops gave way, seemingly by common consent, and began to retreat by the route traveled in our advance. There was no concerted effort to guard our rear neither did the enemy push us vigorously. They were apparently glad to be rid of us, and suffered very severely prior to our withdrawal. The panic was among the noncombatants and stragglers. Those who fled wildly and magnified our defeat, were truthful so far as they portrayed their own cowardice.

The Union army was in its retreat to Centreville badly disorganized. Many battalions preserved their formation intact and marched at route step avoiding all semblance of haste and imparted steadiness to the retreat.

The 71st New York Volunteers were near us and kept their files dressed, and were quiet and determined in their bearing. Their Colonel, the brother of Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, had been killed in the battle.

The New York Fire Zouaves, the regiment raised by the lamented Colonel Ellsworth, did not distinguish itself notably. As we approached Centreville we passed formidable lines of infantry in position to cover our retreat.

We reached our camp or bivouac at Centreville at dusk, having marched during the day twenty miles, and been under fire three hours. We rested in our quarters for an hour expecting that we would remain all night and try conclusions again on the morrow. But we were ordered to fall in and continue our retreat and reached our camp near Alexandria, early in the morning of the 22d.

This last movement was a severe test of our endurance as the distance was twenty

miles and few halts were made. Night marches if lengthy are fatiguing even if preceded by a day of rest.

The Union Army could have been successfully reorganized at Centreville during the night, and would have fought stubbornly upon the following day if so ordered. But the decision to return to the Washington defences was wise, as the terms of many of the regiments would very soon expire. Our regiment proceeded after a very brief delay to Washington. I wish to record the fact that the people of Alexandria were very kind to our wounded. This was unexpected as they were nearly all secessionists, but they were also tolerant and broad in their sympathies.

No Union soldier unless sick or wounded should have been taken as a prisoner during this campaign. We were not flanked or surrounded at any point. The number of troops taken over Bull Run and actively engaged under General McDowell was 18,572 and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

Our losses were 460 killed, 1124 wounded, 1312 captured or missing. The confederates had under fire about the same force in numbers as General McDowell, with the loss of 387 killed, 1582 wounded. These statistics sustain my statement regarding the battle prior to the advent of General Johnston with his division from the Shenandoah Valley.

General Irwin McDowell was an able officer, and his campaign was well planned in the judgment of competent critics. But his army was inexperienced and embraced within its ranks too many short term men, and had not effective organization of its brigades. General McDowell could have won however, had he been properly supported by all his leading subordinates. General Daniel Tyler undoubtedly failed to display the energy that the part assigned him demanded. If General W. T. Sherman had commanded Tyler's division, instead of one of its brigades, it is more than probable that we would have been successful. Four

brigades of the division would have been actively engaged instead of only two. Very few of our officers of the regular army who were present, were familiar with the management of large bodies of troops. To direct them skilfully in an offensive campaign was beyond the ability of the majority of this class. It is not just to ascribe our failure to the rank and file wholly. The general staff organization was defective, its importance was not appreciated, and never has been in our army. Service upon it has not generally been properly recognized; the case of General Rawlins is a notable exception.

The Emperor Napoleon organized his staff with the utmost care, and lavished honors and wealth upon Berthier its chief, whose mental grasp and executive ability were wonderful. When entering the Waterloo campaign the question of the selection of a successor to Berthier was thought to be of vital importance. Marshal Soult was appointed, but according to Thiers, with

all his experience and conceded ability, he proved far inferior to Berthier.

General McDowell tried to do too much under fire personally. He merits a high place in the esteem of the people. He was deserving but unfortunate. The wisdom of General Scott was not now challenged, and the regret was universal that he was not twenty years younger and able to take command in the field.

The campaign as a whole was an humiliation to the North, and had a chastening influence. The people rose grandly to the demands of the crisis. The conviction prevailed that our resources would be tasked to the utmost before success in restoring the Union would be achieved.

Our regiment remained in Washington for three days. During that period I visited the Capitol and saw John C. Breckenridge in his seat as a Senator from Kentucky. He was soon a general in the Confederate Army. We were very hospitably entertained on our journey home by the citizens

of Philadelphia. Our reception in Boston was an ovation. The record made by us commanded respect. It was also politic to foster the disposition to re-enlist that existed in the regiment.

The three months men who enlisted in response to the President's proclamation of April 15, 1861, rendered timely service, and, I venture to hope, will ever be held in honorable remembrance by the American people.

CHAPTER II.

Patriotism a passion.—Senator Wilson as an organizer.—Robert C. Winthrop's speech.—One flag enough under fire.—New York and Philadelphia as hosts.—Hall's Hill, Va.—"Its according to Cass."—Col. Gove.—Winter quarters.—Lincoln as a rider.—Blanket Rolls described.—Young men as soldiers.—Forward and return.—Hampton Roads.—Cheese box on a raft.—Shelter tents.—Yorktown.—Evacuation.—Torpedo explosion.—O. H. P. Sargent.—Hanover Court House.—Don't fall out in the smoke of the battle.—Muzzle-loaded muskets. — Hooker. — Sumner. — Mechanicsville.—Gen. Lee and Jefferson Davis.—Battle Gaines Mills.—Heavy loss.—Col. Gove killed.—Gen. Griffin's opinion.—Corporal Gaffney's comment.

Patriotism had now become a passion with the young men of the North. Those who had served three months were mastered by it. Nearly all found that they could not be content at home, while the fate of the country was at stake upon the field of battle.

I enlisted September 16, 1861, in Co. G, 22d Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

The company was called the Wellington Guards, in honor of J. C. Wellington of Cambridge, who was its patron. Several of our members, among whom was Sergeant J. H. Baxter, had been in the Cambridge Company of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia at Fortress Monroe.

I was appointed 4th Sergeant, and entered upon duty at the camp established at Lynnfield, Mass. The 3rd Battery of Light Artillery and the Second Sharpshooters were organized at the same time under the auspices of Senator Henry Wilson, who was Colonel of the 22d Regiment. He was not expected to command us in the field. Over one hundred and fifty of our number had seen duty under the first call of the President, and as an element were very influential in the development of the regiment to a very high standard of efficiency second to that of no other organization from our State. The 2d Sharpshooters and 3d Battery were similarly benefitted and with like results. The Sharpshooters were attached to the regiment

so closely, as to almost lose their identity, and they share whatever honor we attained.

The service of the 3d Battery, under Captain A. P. Martin, was separate and distinct from ours, and its glorious record is well known to all interested in the military history of Massachusetts.

We arrived in Boston October 8, 1861, and formed line upon the Common, where immense throngs were present. A beautiful flag was given us, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop speaking for the donors. His address was able and eloquent, and has survived the war. It is regarded as a classic in cultured circles. We had also a State flag but never took it into action. One flag or color was enough to guard under fire. We were fighting for the national principle and as union soldiers, and while proud of our State, the supremacy of "Old Glory," was the object of our efforts and its presence inspired us as no other emblem could.

We arrived in New York via Springfield, at 10 A. M., on the 9th. The commissioned

officers were entertained sumptuously, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Fervidly patriotic speeches were made by eloquent orators. But the rank and file were literally and metaphorically, given soup. It was of dubious quality and was passed from a window, to those who would accept it, and comprised the whole menu.

We then marched four miles on Broadway, carrying full equipment, well filled knapsacks included. This was a severe test for new troops, but was borne patiently, and the spectacle undoubtedly had a good moral effect upon the crowds that witnesed it.

Philadelphia greeted us on the morning of October 10. The men were informed that they would be given breakfast by the hospitable people of that noble city. Very many were reluctant to accept the kind invitation, expecting the fare would be similar to that in New York. But those who had been enlightened by experience knew otherwise, and without vigorous as-

sertion of authority, induced all to fall in.

The arrangements were complete; water, soap, and towels were plentiful, and a seat at a bountiful table was provided for every guest. The ladies of the neighborhood were in attendance to wait upon the tables. The consideration and sympathy shown impressed the men profoundly, and their behavior was admirable. The Philadelphians maintained a perfect system of entertainment for Union soldiers in transit through their limits during the war.

Philadelphia is well worthy of its name, "City of Brotherly Love." Unfailing courtesy and substantial hospitality were exemplified by it during the nation's ordeal, and its fame will never pale in the grateful hearts of the Union veterans.

We prefaced our departure from Philadelphia with a street parade, the fatigue of which was cheerfully endured. All desired to please our hosts. We arrived in Washington on the 11th, and found great activity existing in military affairs. Troops

were visible in every direction and their organization and equipment were being skilfully directed. Work upon the dome of the Capitol was in progress, although the camps of the enemy at Munson's Hill were visible from it.

Upon the 13th of October, we proceeded to Hull's Hill, Va., six miles distant, and near Fall's Church. Our camp for the winter of 1861-62 was established here, and many pleasant memories are associated with it.

We were assigned to the brigade of Gen. J. H. Martindale, which consisted of the 2nd Maine, 18th Massachusetts, 22nd Massachusetts, and 25th New York. The other two brigades of Gen. F. J. Porter's division were commanded respectively by Generals Daniel Butterfield and G. W. Morell. The 9th Mass. Volunteers was in Morell's brigade, and was a good neighbor to us.

Many of our men visited the 9th when practicable, and always brought back some items of interest. Col. Thomas Cass, of that noble Celtic regiment, was a gallant

officer and very diligent in drilling his command, but, like many others of greater experience, would occasionally deviate from the tactics as set forth by Hardee, the prescribed authority. While directing some difficult evolution, he inadvertently gave an order palpably erroneous. A captain said: "Colonel, that is not according to Hardee." The instantaneous reply was: "It is according to Cass." The ready wit of the answer effaced his mistake.

Col. Henry Wilson took leave of the regiment on October 27, to resume his duties as a member of the Senate of the United States. He was chairman of the Military Committee of that body, and soon became one of the controlling leaders in the conduct of the war. Col. Jesse A. Gove, formerly a captain of the 10th Regular Infantry, assumed command. He was a native of New Hampshire and a graduate of the military academy at Norwich, Vermont, and was thirty-seven years of age. He was master of every detail of his pro-

fession and an accomplished gentleman. Our organization was largely indebted to him for its efficiency, as he guided and moulded it during the formative period.

We were provided with Sibley circular tents, twelve feet in diameter at base, and tapering to a point at ten feet above. Chestnut timber was abundant, and we cut logs eight inches in diameter and six feet in length, and split them in halves. We then dug ditches, conforming to the dimensions of the tents, and set our slabs firmly in them, leaving spaces for doors. Upon these foundations we raised our tents and, with sheet iron stoves in some cases, where money was abundant, our habitations were made comfortable. The majority improvised crude fire-places of stone with chimneys of sticks, lined with mortar, made of red clay, which was also used to close openings between the slabs of the foundations of the tents. Rude bunks, each for two persons, were built around our wooden walls, about three feet from the ground.

We were taught early to help ourselves. As a class, the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were very industrious. They toiled indefatigably to make their quarters inviting, often leaving them as soon as finished, but never failing to work again with the same end in view if there was a probability that we should stay for a few days. The rank and file washed their own clothes in a primitive way. They did not qualify themselves however for the laundry business while in the army.

Company and battalion drills were frequent, but not unreasonable in length. Skirmish drill was very ably taught, and strict attention given to care of quarters. The diet of the force was supervised closely. Careful instruction was imparted to those in charge of accounts and reports.

A large plain, a half mile from our camp, was used for brigade and division drills and reviews. The division was reviewed at least twice by the President. He was well mounted upon these occasions, and would

ride rapidly twenty paces in advance of his brilliant escort. He was an excellent rider and wholly at ease in the saddle. As he passed on he would scrutinize the line closely, and raise his hat to every regimental color. He was dressed in plain black and wore the conventional stove pipe hat. The contrast between him and the showy array or cavalcade of at least fifty officers in full uniform who were following him was very striking. He did not lose by the comparison. His individuality was made more conspicuous. We all felt that he represented the highest type of manhood and was worthy to be our leader.

There was a grand review November 20th, of all available troops, at Bailey's Cross Roads. One hundred thousand men were massed in an insufficent space. They marched in review before the President in close column of about fifty files front. The general effect was imposing but bewildering, and fatiguing to the troops.

The progress of the war in the west was

intently watched by us. The successes at Mill Spring and Fort Donelson, were enthusiastically greeted. It was believed by the majority that the contest in Virginia would be brief and our triumph achieved without severe fighting.

During a discussion in our tent, I made the remark that the Confederate army in Virginia would prove very formidable, that it would be more difficult to defeat than it would be to vanquish the same number of British troops, under the existing conditions. My opinion was vehemently decried, and I was unanimously voted a false prophet. This condemnation was subsequently revised.

The Capitol of the Confederacy was in Virginia, and every possible effort, it was evident, would be made to hold that State. Its population was martial, and its territory strong in defensive positions. No skill in divination was necessary to forecast the character of the struggle impending.

Upon March 10th, 1862, we broke camp,

to participate in the advance. The 13th New York Volunteers from the vicinity of Rochester, was added to our brigade, as we commenced the movement. The roads were muddy and knapsacks became very burdensome, and during the day nine tenths of the regiment discarded them. Blanket rolls were substituted. They were made in the following manner: A blanket would be spread upon the ground and a piece of a shelter tent laid on it and also some articles of clothing. The whole would then be tightly rolled, and the ends of the roll bound together by a strap taken from the knapsack. This made a roll or "horse collar," that could be easily adjusted and shifted from shoulder to shoulder, and carried with compartive ease. Colonel Gove did not oppose this transformation from knapsack to roll. He gave tacit consent, his experience being undoubtedly in accord with our action. He knew what men could endure and would not exact efforts beyond that limit.

Soldiers did not fight with knapsacks

upon their backs, and if the combat became desperate the blanket rolls and even haversacks would be thrown aside. Troops cannot make long marches under heavy loads. Knapsacks strain the shoulders excessively and impair the vitality of those who carry them. We had many slight youths in the ranks, who could march very well under light burdens. The average age of the rank and file was twenty-two years. The youngsters were intelligent and intensely patriotic. They recuperated quickly and were indomitable in action, and any policy which eliminates or disparages this element is ill advised. The men of the rank and file who were over thirty years of age, though apparently vigorous, did not as a class withstand the hardships of active campaigns. They required full rations and good shelter, and could then render excellent service, but as these were impossibilities, they rapidly succumbed. The boys, as they were called in the camps, established, during the formative period, proved to be excellent soldiers.

To their endurance, intrepidity and devotion, the nation is very largely indebted for its preservation. The officers who believe that troops can be hardened by long marches, under heavy loads, should be discharged as incompetent. The burdens of the rank and file when reduced to lowest practicable limit, will average thirty pounds per man.

We camped beyond Fairfax upon the night of the 10th, having covered eleven miles only, as the delays had been numerous and the roads difficult. It was ascertained that the enemy had abandoned Manassas. On the 15th of March, we began to move to Alexandria, and halted near the Seminary. We embarked on the 20th upon a large steamer and anchored near Fortress Monroe upon the 23d. The Monitor was moored near us, and, as the rebels expressed it, looked like a cheese box upon a raft. It was on guard ready to again engage the Merrimac, should it appear.

The immense fleet containing the Army of the Potomac and its supplies, was secure

in Hampton Roads, by virtue of the presence of this wonderful fighting invention of Ericson. The battle with the Merrimac was on the 9th of March, and until May 10th, the Monitor guarded the fold. Commodore Worden, who commanded the Monitor, ranks with Farragut. His courage, fidelity, sufferings and priceless services, will receive the homage of the readers of our history.

We landed at Hampton, and proceeded a few miles to Newmarket, and remained there until April 4th. The shelter tents, that were to be our protection in many campaigns, were now fully introduced. They were composed of pieces of light canvas, six by five and one half feet in dimensions. They were prepared with buttons and button holes, so as to be fastened readily together. Two uprights or sticks with crotches would be cut from nearest trees or undergrowth, and set six feet or more apart. A suitable ridge pole would then be placed, and two pieces of the canvas

buttoned together and stretched over it, and fastened to pegs driven in the ground. A third piece would be fastened on the rear, and also held firmly by pegs. Ditches would be made to intercept water if rain was anticipated. If pine or cedar boughs were obtainable, a good bed could be had for three persons, if desirable. To serve that number the space was limited, the centre being only four feet high. When our stay was extended for a few days, and the heat was oppressive, long uprights would be used. Bunks would then be made, a foot or more from the earth. These tents would shed water fairly well. When poles were easily found the regiment would be under cover in an half hour.

On April 5th, 1862, we met the enemy near Yorktown, after a march of one and one half days. They were in a fort in a field bordered by woods, and, in the reconnoissance made to develop the situation, the regiment had one man killed and eight wounded.

We camped on the 10th, near Wormsley Creek, which empties into the York river. The land was level in the vicinity and intersected at long intervals by ravines abounding in springs. Yorktown is parallel to the river and was a very small place in 1862. In its seige by Washington, the American lines enveloped all but the river front. The enemy in our war had extended their defences across the peninsula to the James river, a distance of eight miles.

These lines had some heavy guns in position, but were guarded at first by only eight thousand men. A demonstration along the whole front, and vigorous attacks at vulnerable points, would have given us possession. But there should have been only a brief delay in making the assault outlined above.

An elaborate siege was undertaken in which the fatigue work was very severe. Formidable siege batteries were placed in strong embrasures. Every preparation was

made for a crushing bombardment, to be followed by an assault. The enemy seemed aware of the design, and evacuated the works held by them on the night of May 4th.

The 22d Massachusetts, our regiment, was the first to enter the works. Two companies were deployed as skirmishers, and were 300 yards in advance. The remaining portion of the battalion, followed in column by company, ours, "G," was the seventh. The six preceding us, passed under a large tree, conspicuous for its loneliness, in the plain, unharmed. But as we came within its shadow, one of our number stepped upon a torpedo, it exploded with great force, the concussion prostrated nearly one half of the right wing of the company. I thought it was a shell from Gloucester, across the river. We quickly regained our alignment, and continued our advance. O. H. P. Sargent was mortally wounded; Charles E. Crane and Luke Ward were severely hurt, and never were returned to duty. Comrade Sargent

was a very capable man, and had been a member of the Legislature from Essex, Mass. He had been in the quartermaster's deparment as wagon master, but was relieved at his own request. He was indifferent to rank; with him, the cause glorified all who fought for it. He was an optimist and firmly believed that the war would end with the capture of Yorktown. He died in hospital at Fortress Monroe, May 30, following. This crime against humanity, it is supposed, was committed by order of General Raines, despite orders sent to him by General Longstreet forbiding it. The act was wanton, because the torpedoes were in most instances, placed not to protect positions whose retention was essential, but in locations where wounded men and non-combatants were in peril.

Thursday, May 8th, we embarked for West Point, on the York river, thirty miles above, and near the mouth of the Pamunkey. We were three hours *en route*, landing at dusk, and remaining at West

Point until the 13th. On that date we marched to Cumberland, on the Pamunkey, a tramp of fifteen miles. Upon May 16th, we reached White House Landing.

The river here was narrow, but deep enough for a double ender gunboat, equipped with a Parrot cannon, carrying a shot weighing one hundred pounds. The shells fired from one of these guns on a war vessel below Yorktown sounded during its long flight like an express train.

The date of our arrival at Gaines Mills, was May 26th, and upon the following day we were ordered to Hanover Court House. The road was eighteen miles in length, and about one foot in depth. The mud was of the adhesive variety. The Confederates were attacked and defeated at about noon. The 2d Maine was left as rear guard, and we pressed on expecting to find the enemy reinforced in a new position. They returned screened by the woods, and assailed our rear guard after our departure. We were ordered to hurry to the rescue, and had

about two miles to travel. We passed a Connecticut regiment, I believe it was the First Heavy Artillery, serving as infantry. We could march faster than they, having had more practice. One of their field officers was old, and his voice quavered as he earnestly appealed to his men, and as he said: "Don't fall out in the smoke of the battle," it would break on the word smoke, with singular effect. His venerable presence and intense zeal redeemed his delivery from ludicrousness. We found that the Confederates had been repulsed by the 2d Maine infantry and 3d Massachusetts Battery.

The 2d Maine fought in the field and did not change its position during the action, and delivered a very effective fire. The attack was made by eighteen hundred men who were without artillery, or the result might have been different.

We returned to our camp May 29th. On the 31st, we could hear the prolonged roll of musketry at Fair Oaks. It was

fraught with tragic meaning, as it indicated a struggle between large bodies of men at short range.

It is not generally understood by the youth of the present day, that during the civil war the infantry of the opposing armies was equipped almost universally with muzzle-loading muskets or rifles, both carrying an ounce Minie ball, hollow at the large end, which expanded and followed the twisting or rifle groove of the weapon. In teaching the manual of arms the order was to "Load in nine times, load." At the order "Tear cartridge," it was inserted between the front teeth and the paper wrapper bitten, and at the order, "Charge cartridge," the powder was emptied into the musket, and the ball detached and put into the muzzle, the large or hollow end being down. The whole charge was then driven home by the ramrod, and at the word "Ready" the musket was brought to the right side and a percussion cap affixed. In action the order was to load at will. It was required that

recruits should have teeth firm enough to bite or tear the cartridges. If a soldier could load and fire twice in a minute he was very expert. Many men were shot in the right hand and arm while loading in action, as the fire of the enemy was usually high.

Artillery fire often is ineffective, because woods may be shelled merely as a matter of precaution. Duels between batteries may make the skies ring, and but comparatively few men may be engaged, or exposed, and results may be trivial.

The sustained fire of musketry beyond the Chickahominy meant a harvest of death, and that something decisive had happened. A sanguinary battle had been fought. We were at first beaten, but finally held our lines. The purpose of the Confederates to bitterly contest our efforts to capture Richmond was now revealed.

Our campaign assumed a new phase. Generals Sumner and Hooker distinguished themselves, in this our first great battle of

the year in Virginia. General Hooker had a noble presence, and his voice and manner were commanding. His division, after crossing the Chickahominy, awaited orders. The general was at the head of the column, which was halted upon a slight elevation. He received orders to advance and engage the enemy. Facing his division, and with glowing countenance and appropriate gesture, he exclaimed in a ringing voice:

"To the front, gentlemen!"

A cheer of approval was the response. He displayed skill and heedless bravery in the battle.

General E. V. Sumner was an officer of great merit. He led his Corps over the Chickahominy while the bridges were trembling from the shock of a rising flood. Pushing to the front he attacked the rebels who were flushed with their defeat of General Casey, and stayed their progress.

At one stage of the battle, General Sumner was informed, that the troops holding an important position, were exposed to a

severe fire, and were without ammunition. Permission to withdraw was asked of him. He emphatically refused, and riding along the line he exhorted, in stentorian tones, the troops to charge with the bayonet, when the command should be issued. He soon gave it, and led himself, the victorious advance. His thunderous tones and fierce onslaught won him the sobriquet of "Bull Sumner." He was, nevertheless, a very kind and considerate gentleman.

An enlisted man named Floyd, of our company, was an excellent scribe, and had been transferred to General Sumner's headquarters for clerical work. He told us that one of his associates was a very competent office man, and the general esteemed him highly. But love of liquor was his bane, and after a prolonged spree he reported for duty. The general sent for him, and expressed his regret, that a gentleman and scholar should so degrade himself; also adding a tribute to his efficiency. The delinquent replied, affirming his appreciation of the

compliment, and of the consideration shown him. He also said that if the government expected to obtain the service of men with the qualifications enumerated by the general, and the cardinal virtues in addition, for thirteen dollars per month, it would be disappointed. General Sumner admitted the force of the observation, and, after giving the clerk some advice, put him on duty again at his desk.

Sickness now prevailed; it was caused by malaria from the swamps. We changed our camp to better ground, moving towards Mechanicsville.

The aggressive movement of General Lee commenced on June 26th. We were ordered to march to our extreme right, near Beaver Dam Creek and Mechanicsville. The Confederates assailed the Pennsylvania Reserves, who were strongly posted at the creek, and were repulsed with the loss of over three thousand men. This attack was unwise, as the movement in progress of the Corps of Stonewall Jackson flanked the

position, making it untenable, but Jefferson Davis was present, and the desire to win a brilliant victory under his observation controlled.

At six P. M., we advanced into a large field, in column by company. A solid shot from a rebel battery killed one man in the company preceding us, and two men in our company. They were James Millen and Samuel Benjamin. The regiment then obliqued to the right and halted where it was partially sheltered by woods. I hastened to the poor fellows. They must have been, as I afterwards concluded, instantly killed. General Thomas Sherwin, then 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, joined me, and examined them. It was plain that they were beyond our aid. Both were very worthy men.

During the forenoon of the following day, June 27th, 1862, the Pennsylvania Reserves held the enemy in check at Beaver Dam Creek. We abandoned our camps at Curtis's Farm, and destroyed all supplies for which

we lacked transportation. The 5th Corps, which included the divisions of Morell and Sykes and the Pennsylvania Reserve was placed in position to deliver a defensive battle near Gaines Mills. Eleven batteries of artillery were attached to the corps; they had over sixty guns.

Our brigade was formed in two lines, our regiment being in the second of these. The 13th New York was in our immediate front, about seventy-five yards distant, at the foot of the wooded declivity. The descent was at least thirty feet.

A line of artillery was in reserve, four hundred yards in our rear, in a field upon a slight elevation, the space between it and our infantry in the second line being unobstructed. Several batteries were interspersed with our infantry. Trees were felled by the infantry, and breastworks about four feet high constructed.

I went down to the 13th New York several times and noted that a small field bordered by woods beyond was in their front. In

other respects the position was poor; they were, however, very cheerful and confident.

The enemy at 3 P. M., came on in dense lines to the attack. The artillery in our line and the infantry in the first line opened a furious fire upon them for ten minutes at least, before they retreated. Three distinct charges were repelled with great havoc. After the third repulse the 13th New York Volunteers withdrew to replenish their ammunition. As they passed us, greetings and congratulations were exchanged. We considered the victory assured for us, but the Confederates strengthened their attacking force, and again advanced. Their numbers were overwhelming, and their impetuosity unabated.

We awaited them with confidence, and delivered a crushing artillery and musketry fire. I stood beside W. H. Nowell, a private. We fired rapidly looking only to the front.

The rebels were within fifty feet of us in

the direction that we were aiming, when Nowell was struck in the face. The concussion sounded like a blow given by an open hand. I turned to the left saying that Nowell was killed, and saw that the line was broken beyond our regiment. The enemy were flanking us, and getting in our rear. I ran the gauntlet with the fleetness of a deer, shunning the crowd that followed a natural depression or roadway.

We rallied on the reserve artillery, which sustained by the batteries that had escaped from the defeated line, began a tempestuous cannonade upon the Confederates, as they emerged from the woods. The wave of gray was fringed with the blue and red of the defenders of the Union.

It was imperative that the tide should be stayed, but it was harrowing to behold our comrades stricken down by our own artillery.

The 22d had been reduced in numbers by sickness and other causes, and did not take into this battle, more than six hundred and fifty officers and men.

Colonel Jesse A. Gove was killed, as were seventy others. Fifty-five were wounded and captured, thirty-one were struck and escaped, and one hundred and twenty-two were taken prisoners unhurt. These losses occurred within ten minutes after our flanks were turned. Company A had fifteen men killed.

The reserve line in the field was firmly held, and during the night we returned over the Chickahominy and its swamps, saddened but not demoralized by our losses.

The Confederate records show that General Lee left a skirmish line, before the left wing of our army, which was separated from the right, under General Fitz John Porter, by the Chickahominy. Seventy-five thousand troops were concentrated to crush us. General McClellan, with over sixty thousand men, was passive. He could have taken Richmond or given us adequate support. He was loyal but infirm in purpose and inclined to magnify the numbers of the enemy.

In January, 1865, I visited the army before Petersburg, Va., having been mustered out with my regiment October 17, 1864. I called upon General Charles Griffin, in command of the 1st Division of the 5th Corps. I had been acting as Asst. Adjt. Gen. of his 2d Brigade, and he knew me well and was very cordial. He referred to the campaigns of the past, and much to my surprise, discussed freely the Battle of Gaines Mills, in which he commanded a brigade, formerly Morell's. He was an artillerist, unsurpassed in courage and skill. He said that our lines were poorly chosen, and that a defensive action should be planned so as to utilize artillery fully, and that the Confederates did not come in range of our batteries until within two hundred yards, and were then partially screened by the woods. He gave it as his opinion, that our line should have been established where our reserve artillery was placed, and every gun should have been in position there. The assailants would then have been sub-

jected to a wasting fire of grape and canister that with the infantry support would have beaten them.

The command of the regiment devolved upon Capt. Daivd K. Wardwell, Lt.-Colonel Griswold, an excellent officer, being absent sick, and Major W. S. Tilton wounded and a prisoner. Capt. Wardwell served in the war with Mexico, and was in command of a company in the 5th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, in the three months or Bull Run campaign. He was a very brave and competent officer, and was very vigilant in his attention to the care of his men. He saw that every requirement of the law in their favor was fulfilled if possible.

He distinguished himself at this critical period. A brief halt was made at Savage Station and we bivouacked at night beyond White Oak Swamp. An alarm shortly after midnight created a brief panic among some of our best men, who were very much humiliated when it was over. The imagination has almost complete control over a

portion even of the phlegmatic, when only partially wakened. Upon the 29th, we arrived at Charles City Cross Roads. The army had marched with great steadiness and responded to every demand upon it by its leaders.

Discussions regarding the general movement were of course rife. One element thought that profound strategy was exemplified by our "change of base," as they called it. Another class was dissatisfied, claiming that we should not have been beaten in detail, and that General McClellan should have put the whole army on the firing line at the same time, and that he had been outgeneraled.

Corporal John Gaffney, of our company, whose intelligence gave him weight among us, was appealed to for his opinion after a heated debate, to which he had calmly listened. In response, he said that he believed we were going to the James river to protect the gunboats. This sally made the rounds of the press. We were solicit-

ous regarding the effect at home of our struggle, and believed that censure would not fall upon the behaviour of the army. It was realized that the ability of our commander would be challenged.

CHAPTER III.

Malvern Hill.—Immense trains.—Union Artillery fire.—Thrilling experience.—Wentworth's death.—Gen. Charles Griffin.—"Fetch on your infantry."—Confederate charge.—G. H. Ladd killed.—Gallant 62d Pennsylvania Volunteers.—"Will get even right now."—Dan Harrington.—Harrison's Landing.—Night bombardment.—Down the Peninsula.—Aquia Creek.—March at night.—Warrenton Junction.—Porter on August 29th.—Armed Neutrality.—Scenes August 30th.—Kearney.—Pope.—Washington.—Company E.—Wright.—Wenzel.—McClellan in command.—The 118th Pennsylvania.—Heavy knapsacks.—Rations described.—Coffee boilers.—Frederick, Md.—South Mountain.—Antietam.—Burnside's bridge.—Reconnoissance across the Potomac.—Daddy Mulhern.—"Show me the man I shall shoot."—Heroism of Capt. Field.

We passed over Malvern Hill, June 30th, 1862, and descended about one hundred feet to an immense plain. We were permitted to rest for several hours. It seemed as though we would not soon be called upon to meet the foe.

The trains of the army, were moving

down every available road to Harrison's Landing. There were with us over four thousand six-mule wagons, loaded with military supplies of all kinds. Their value was estimated at fifty million dollars. This equipment had been parked upon the Malvern plateau.

It inspired the needy Confederates to desperate efforts for its capture. At 5 P. M., we took arms and retraced our way to the hill. We had great difficulty in avoiding the teams, that were being furiously driven down the steep road. When the summit was attained, we formed in column by company, and moved in quick time towards Glendale.

The Confederates were attacking our rear guard. It was a memorable scene. The trains and non-combatants hastening to the river, and the indomitable battalions and batteries of the 5th Corps, depleted in numbers, advancing with eagerness to offer battle.

We mustered only three hundred men in

the 22d Massachusetts, but they were undaunted and hopeful. Sergeant J. H. Baxter commanded our company, I was next in rank. Our captain was captured at Gaines Mills; we had no 1st Lieutenant; the remaining commissioned officer was absent.

Sergeant Baxter was the natural leader of the company. The corps formed line at Glendale, which was two miles from Malvern. The enemy deferred its attack,—our demonstration dictated circumspection as the wisest policy of their leaders.

Immense fires were kindled three hundred yards in our front, so that the enemy could not advance past them without coming in full view. They would then have been exposed to a destructive fire from us.

On the morning of the following day, (July 1, 1862), we were withdrawn to the defensive position, near Malvern Hill, and rations were issued.

Early in the afternoon we moved forward for a short space, and formed in a column of five companies at half wheeling distance.

We lay down, covering a very small area. Our position was fifty feet in advance of a large tree. There was a slight ascent in the field in our front, for three hundred yards.

Then as we afterwards discerned, the descent to a great field was rapid. It was skirted by woods, in which the rebel infantry was disposed. Artillery had been placed at the foot of the hill where its shots in their whole flight would not be over five feet from the earth.

The enemy had a battery with which they were endeavoring to reach us, and must have had the tree for a landmark. The situation was made very trying for us. We lost fifty men from our small battalion during the day. One half of them were injured while we were under this ordeal. Where one ball or fragment of a shell would find a victim, twenty of the diabolical things would barely miss some of his comrades. Shell wounds are ghastly, cruel to the injured, and demoralizing to beholders, especially to those who

are in the line of promotion by that method to another world.

I saw a cannon ball, nearly spent in its flight, approaching. It seemed as though it was looking for me, and drawn towards me as if by a magnet. I flattened as close to the ground as possible, and awaited my fate. It slipped over me and killed Benning Wentworth of Company B, who was lying at my feet. Lieut. Field in command of that company moved and brushed some dust from his clothing. I asked if he was injured; he said he was not, but that Wentworth was dead. That was easily perceived. His exit was painless unless he had seen the ball coming and suffered in anticipation. This incident sends a thrill along my nerves even now when recalled.

The patient endurance of effective artillery fire, while remaining passive, is the supreme test of the fortitude of soldiers.

General Charles Griffin, in addition to the command of an infantry brigade, seemed to have charge of the artillery of the 5th

Corps, in our front. He was very active, passing continually from the infantry to the batteries. He had a horse shot under him, but mounted that of his orderly, and continued his rounds. About 5 P. M. he came over the crest, and beckoned to General Martindale. He said in his characteristic shrill tone: "Fetch on you infantry, general."

The Confederates were swarming with frantic energy to the assault. We deployed in line of battle in an instant. The order to advance was more than welcome to all. We wished to fight like men and accomplish something with muskets at close range and not to be slaughtered like cattle in the shambles, as we had been for nearly three hours. We went on in perfect alignment, and soon reached the guns. We were in support of a battery of howitzers. The officer in charge was nervous, and said that as his horses were to the rear he feared that his pieces would be lost. He gave some orders to us, which act was a breach of military courtesy.

Lieutenant F. K. Field reproved him sharply, telling him not to interfere, and added that the infantry line was there to stay and win. We lay down thirty yards in rear of the 62d Pennsylvania, which was in line with the battery and in touch with its left. The field where we were placed had been some previous year prepared for wheat. It was in beds or ridges six feet wide. The ditches or hollows were eighteen inches below the crowns of the beds. The men in two ranks occupied one of the depressions. The file closers, commissioned officers and sergeants, did not withdraw to the hollow of the next ridge but remained upon its summit. My head rested upon a foot of George H. Ladd. I soon heard him groan, and rising up saw that he had been hit near the shoulder and was insensible. I took hold of his ankles and tried to pull him lengthwise in the ditch, where he would be less exposed; my strength was insufficient. His chum, Dan Harrington, whom I knew to be generally cold blooded,

said, "I will help you," and we removed him a few feet, to what must have been his last resting place unless the enemy buried him elsewhere.

I now concluded that my turn would not come that day, and sat up and watched the struggle.

The Confederates attacked in several lines, moving from the woods, nine hundred yards distant. Our batteries were served with tireless energy. Every discharge would cut gaps in the ranks of the infuriated enemy, but still they rushed on meeting the deadly rain of bullets from our infantry, and yelling like fiends.

It remained for the infantry to turn the tide, and aid in inflicting a crushing defeat upon our reckless adversaries.

The 62d Pennsylvania fought grandly, I saw their colors drop several times, but before they could touch the ground they would be grasped, and again waved in defiance. They must have lost one third of their number without yielding an inch.

The wounded who were able, would retreat to our line, and feeling reassured would halt. Greetings would be exchanged and their remaining cartridges given to us. One stalwart private hurried to us, using his musket as a staff. He examined his wound which was in the calf of his leg, and quite severe. He said, "It is not so bad as I thought, I will get even right now." He hobbled back to his regiment, accompanied by the applause of our men.

The 62d Pennsylvania having practically exhausted its ammunition, faced to the left, and filed to the rear. We moved forward and took their place, and dressed our line and commenced firing, using sixty rounds each at least. Dan Harrington was tall, and quite robust, a typical farm laborer of the uneducated class. He was in the front rank, and perfectly self possessed, and gave his comrades shrewd and pithy advice, and was in fact a leader in the fight. I congratulated him a few days later upon his conduct. He did not respond to my patriotic

fervor, but remarked placidly that "Our only show was to stay with those fellows and whip them."

The Confederates were repulsed at every point. The force of their onslaught was declining when we relieved the 62d Pennsylvania. We expended all our ammunition, and the ordnance train was on the way to the rear, but the enemy brought forward no reserves. We gathered wheat straw from our front, and endeavored to sleep. The groans of the wounded arose like a chorus. Occasionally a howitzer would be discharged, and the flash would penetrate the gloom almost to the woods. Men from the ambulance corps, aided by volunteers were searching by the light of lanterns for wounded friends and comrades. But the great mass of the unfortunate were not relieved that night.

We were roused about 1 A. M., and began our march to Harrison's Landing. The rain soon became heavy, making the route tedious, but we plodded on, and

reached our destination at 10 A. M., July 2.

We were soon camped and quite comfortable, and began to recuperate from the fatigue of the campaign. But the heat and the lack of good drinking water impaired the health of many. The sick list increased rapidly. The Richmond papers said that our location was the hottest place in North America.

The President visited the army, and it was supposed that important events would follow. I no not recall seeing him at any review at this period.

The 5th Corps was reviewed and the effect was excellent. The infantry battalions were small but the bearing of the men was spirited. The artillery was numerous and well equipped. It was difficult to believe that we had been defeated or that it could be done again.

Our camps were commanded by heights on the opposite bank of the James. The enemy during a July night were enterprising enough to salute us with shot and shel[1]

from a light battery placed there. The effect was enlivening. It was fully half an hour before the Connecticut Heavy Artillery returned and silenced the fire of the rebels. The damage done was immaterial. The gunboats were not in evidence which was a surprise to us.

The military situation in Virginia was the topic of absorbing interest while we were at Harrison's Landing. A marked division of opinion relative to General McClellan existed, but it did not degenerate into a bitter controversy. The interests of the country were paramount. The personal success of any individual was as dust in the balance in comparison. The selection of General Pope for the command of the active Union force in Northern Virginia was regarded as impolitic. His record though very good did not warrant the preference shown him. He certainly did not then excel Sumner, Kearney, Hooker or Sedgwick in the estimation of the army. The fact that they were ignored was considered

a reflection upon the Army of the Potomac. This sentiment was intensified by an unfortunate General Order, issued by General Pope, for which he claims he was not responsible. It was very offensive by implication, and the belief obtained among us that it was a covert reflection upon our army.

Hooker and Kearney were known to be very free in their comments upon McClellan. General Hooker advised a forward move by our left wing upon Richmond while the battle of Gaines Mills was in progress. General Sumner was very reticent in his expressions, but was supposed to consider General McClellan too cautious.

Generals Meade and Hancock had not yet developed great reputations, although either was fit to command a large army. General Fitz John Porter was a staunch partisan of McClellan, and all the influence which emanated from him was hostile to General Pope.

Upon August 14th, 1862, we bade farewell

to Harrison's Landing, and in light marching order commenced an arduous campaign. We were not warned that water was scarce along the route, it being without running streams. The troops did not economize the supply in their canteens, and were soon in distress. The road was sandy, and the heat intense. Wells were infrequent and practically inaccessible to ninety-five per cent. of the thirsty. After covering twenty-five miles we crossed the Chickahominy near the James River. The pontoon bridge used was at least two thousand feet long.

After halting one day, we resumed our march and passed through Williamsburg, which we found a quaint old town with a refined population. Upon the 17th we camped near our former location at Yorktown.

On our way to Hampton on the 18th we passed many corn fields and the roasting ears were appropriated by the column. The battalions in the rear had scant gleaning after their comrades in the advance had been supplied.

We embarked on the 20th upon the steamer North America. On the 21st we landed at Aquia Creek, and were transferred by rail to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, Va. The regiment was now led by Colonel Charles E. Griswold, who had been promoted to the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Colonel Gove. W. S. Tilton was Lieut.-Colonel and Thomas Sherwin, Major. The last promotion created some friction among the commissioned officers as Major Sherwin's former rank was that of 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant. The rank and file were gratified however, as he had been very efficient and his courtesy and consideration had been unfailing. He was very cool and intrepid; was severely wounded at Gaines Mills but not captured.

The adjutant of a regiment has greater responsibility than a captain in an active campaign, and when he fills all the requirements of the position for a long period, as did Lieutenant Sherwin, should have precedence in promotion over captains.

Upon August 22d, 1862, we started from Falmouth and were urged on without mercy all night. Colonel Roberts of the 2d Maine commanded the brigade. He rode a white horse, and was unceasing in his efforts to encourage the men to keep up. Towards morning an uncomplimentary remark which he heard, was made concerning him, by a tired soldier. He stopped and disclaimed responsibility saying that he was simply obeying orders. Colonel Roberts was not an officer who would rest quiet under an affront, or take a defensive position, unless his higher sense of the justice of the complaint constrained him to do so.

We halted on the 24th, not far from Kelly's Ford, and on the three succeeding days the demands upon us were moderate. Warrenton Junction was reached at 4 P. M., August 27th. The division of General Sykes had halted there at 11 A. M.

We first learned here of Stonewall Jackson's raid in our rear, and were astonished and exasperated by the intelligence.

August 28th our column moved at 6 A. M., but did not reach Bristow nine miles distant until after 10 A. M. The road was excellent, and was soon very dry. It led through on open country. General Meade retreated over the same ground the following year with troops and trains parallel to each other without difficulty. The statement that we could not have marched during the preceding night is not true. We bivouacked at Bristow. General Hooker had defeated a force of the enemy there the day before.

We passed Manassas Junction four miles further on at 10 A. M., August 29th, 1862. The destruction of the railroad trains and army rations there by Jackson was astounding. The column was directed to the left and on the Gainesville road. In an hour we halted and loaded; we expected to attack the enemy at once. General McDowell and staff rode by; he looked very well, and was resolute and energetic in his bearing.

We soon advanced at about noon and

occupied a commanding ridge, which was partly covered by small trees or scrub timber. A cannon ball from a six pounder killed one or two men in the 1st Michigan Volunteers, which was on the left of our battalion. One of our batteries replied with a few rounds.

There was a road in the valley in our front a thousand yards distant. Clouds of dust ascended from it, apparently caused by the movement of troops. No further action was offensively taken by us that day. General Porter could not have known at the time what force was before him as the country was undulating and screened by woods and bushes. He made no determined attempt to find out. His policy evidently was that of armed neutrality. A tremendous battle was raging upon our right. It could only be won by fighting. The enemy was always ready in those days to accommodate us when we were looking for battle. General McDowell had no difficulty in finding and engaging them.

If for instance General Hancock had been in Porter's place, he certainly would have made an impetuous and effective assault. The rank and file were eager to advance. We had beaten the Confederates at Malvern Hill and seemed to have the advantage in position.

I believe that Porter deliberately betrayed General Pope. I am in this opinion in accord with all whom I have met of the 9th, 18th, 22d and 32d Massachusetts Volunteers who were on duty under him at the front in the campaign under discussion.

We were on picket during the night, and towards morning could hear the noises made by the Confederates in harnessing the animals of a wagon train. There was some delay in withdrawing us, Major Burt was determined to have every man notified, so that none might be abandoned. When all were assembled, it was discovered that our brigade had disappeared. General Morell, commander of the division which was composed of three brigades, was with Griffin's

Brigade, and ordered Colonel Griswold to join it.

We took the Centreville road, arriving there at noon. The roar of a mighty battle near Bull Run could be heard. The 5th Corps with the exception of Griffin's Brigade and our regiment, was fiercely engaged and suffered severely.

We, with other troops available, were ordered to the front, and advancing three miles met the defeated columns marching sullenly towards us. Very many were wounded and supported by their comrades.

We advanced a mile further and found there was no pursuit, and that our artillery was practically intact, and retraced our steps.

We remained for two days at Centreville. A great many wounded were brought in under flags of truce. The lines of the Confederates were quite near.

I recollect the tattoo and taps as given at this time by the bugler of the 2d Maine.

His notes were awaited by the thousands massed near us, and were so exultant and defiant that they would evoke cheers from every quarter.

General Kearney was killed September 1st, at Chantilly. His loss was deeply mourned by the whole army. He combined dauntless courage with rare ability and cool judgment. If he had been spared it was very probable that the command of the Army of the Potomac would have fallen upon him, in preference to Burnside or Hooker.

Wednesday, September 3d, 1862, found us near our old quarters on Hall's Hill.

General John Pope, will receive, I believe, in the future, credit for zeal and ability; he displayed high moral and physical courage in the difficult positions forced upon him by the government. Had he been faithfully supported success might have crowned our arms under his guidance. General McClellan is on record as having written to General Porter to support General Pope cordially.

Many commissions were received September 5th, at headquarters of the regiment. I was surprised to be the recipient at so early a date of a commission as second lieutenant, and was exceedingly gratified to learn that Sergeant J. H. Baxter had also been honored. I was assigned to the command of Company E, a Roxbury organization of which General Nelson A. Miles was the original first lieutenant. The company at this time was small in numbers but of excellent material. The orderly sergeant, James Wright, was of fine presence, six feet in height and alert in his bearing. His education was fair only, but he was a deep thinker and his views upon the military situation I found to be sound and practical. His courage and fidelity were of a very high order. I appointed J. W. Kenfield and Daniel Morrissey sergeants, both of whom had fully won that recognition. Sergeant Philip Wenzel was unique in many respects. He was exceedingly courteous and obliging, especially to subordinates, but his courage

and firmness on duty were remarkable. He was both loved and respected by those under his control.

Upon September 12th, we passed through Washington on our way to meet General Lee. Our reception by the people was not enthusiastic. They were accustomed to more showy displays than that presented by the worn battalions of the Army of the Potomac. General McClellan was given command. It was the best that could be done at the time. His capacity as an organizer was great and he stood well with the army. In the opinion of a large portion of it, he was amenable to criticism. But many of the strictures upon him were so unjust, that the sympathy even of this element was given him largely. The question was who could do better under existing conditions?

We moved out on the Rockville Pike and bivouacked, having tramped in the dust and excessive heat twelve miles.

We were joined in Washington by the

118th Pennsylvania Volunteers. In addition to this new organization the 2d Maine, 1st Michigan, 18th Massachusetts, 22d Massachusetts, 13th and 25th New York, constituted the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps. The 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers was raised by the Philadelphia Corn Exchange. The rank and file were brave and patriotic. They were remarkably simple hearted and confiding, relying implicitly upon their officers. These unfortunately were not as a class experienced or practical. They fully appreciated their honors and privileges but were unequal to the responsibilities.

The enlisted men were furnished with large knapsacks with the legend, "118th Penn. Vols." inscribed thereon in large characters. These knapsacks were filled with clothing and sundries. The rays of the sun were almost overpowering, and the poor fellows toiled on, often staggering under their burdens. Our advice to throw away superfluous luggage and adopt

the roll or collar previously described, they seemed to regard us savoring of treason.

We were indeed in light marching order; were thin in flesh but hardy, and with loads scientifically reduced. I do not suppose there was a spare shirt in my company, and yet the men were trim and tidy. New clothing had been drawn. One man would carry soap, his chum a towel; brush and blacking, would be provided on the same principle with a larger group of partners as a basis.

The 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers and other new organations were gradually obliged, by fatigue, to discard superfluous clothing, and often blankets and overcoats would meet the same fate. The veterans would frequently leave their blankets and shelter tents at bivouacs, when the new troops were to lead, and as the heat became intolerable for our unsophisticated comrades in the afternoon, they would part with blankets, shelter tents and overcoats. The veterans would then

gather what they needed for the coming night. Overcoats were not carried by old soldiers until cold weather set in.

Company officers on active campaigns seldom saw their baggage. A servant might carry food but not shelter. So these leaders were generally burdened with the blanket roll and a canteen of water. Upon long or fatiguing marches it was their duty to encourage the weak, and they often took the muskets of the sick or tired men to help them keep up. Commissioned officers were not furnished rations, but could buy them from the commissary at their cost to the government.

The rations furnished the enlisted men in camp were ample. They consisted daily per man of one pound salt meat or one and one-fourth pounds fresh meat, one and three-fifths ounces coffee, two and two-fifths ounces sugar, one pound hard bread or twenty-two ounces soft bread, and rice, beans and potatoes three times per week, each sufficient for a meal; salt was also furnished. Beans were

baked remarkably well in covered trenches. They were first parboiled and then camp kettles were covered with hot coals. Upon prolonged campaigns meat, hard bread, sugar and coffee, also salt, were the only articles issued. Camp kettles were with the trains, and not accessible, and every man would cook for himself. Coffee was a great solace, the allowance would make three or four pint cups, black and very strong, a day. At every halt of a half hour or more the cups would be on fires that were quickly made. The cavalry and artillery called the infantry coffee boilers. Salt pork would frequently be eaten raw with hard bread. Herds of cattle were often driven with the supply trains, and fresh meat furnished when practicable. It was not particularly juicy. The troops generally would start upon a campaign with from three to five days' supply of hard bread, sugar and salt, and were always hungry. There would usually be a skillet or frying pan for every group of fifteen to twenty men. When camp kettles were not

at hand meat could not be cooked economically. It was found advisable during these periods to have a sergeant divide it uncooked. In the Wilderness, and campaigns following in 1864, camp kettles were for six weeks a reminiscence with the troops, on the firing line.

The men were patient; a grumbler was chaffed unmercifully. Our struggle was so strenuous and the issues so transcendent, that minor matters were lightly considered.

Clothing, shoes and caps were furnished the enlisted men at very reasonable rates. The allowance was forty-two dollars per annum, and any excess over that sum was supposed to be deducted from the monthly pay at the end of the year.

Upon September 15th, we passed through Frederick, a beautiful city, "Green walled by the hills of Maryland." The population was very friendly towards us. This together with the charms of the valley of the Monocacy, blessed by nature and diligently improved by man, delighted the army.

We climbed the South Mountain on the 16th, our route was on the old National road built by the government early in the century. We halted occasionally to behold the lovely valley in our rear. We came to a very stong position from which the enemy had been dislodged on the 14th. The assault was so impetuous that many Confederates were killed behind a stone wall before they could rise.

The temper of the army was admirable. At the little councils of war around our camp fires, the conclusion was reached that we were destined to defeat Lee decisively. We had many among us who would march all day, and after partaking of their coffee and bread would debate the situation and discuss previous campaigns, until silenced by others who wished to sleep.

During the morning of the 17th, a very heavy connonade was commenced by our batteries for which the situation was very favorable. Our positions dominated very decidedly, and shelter for caissons and re-

serve batteries was contiguous and ample. The infantry was placed in the rear of the artillery, as the rebels were not within musketry range. We would advance occasionally to the crest and in line with the cannon to behold the tragic panorama out-spread before us. We could see our lines pressing on, generally with success, but diminishing under a wasting fire. I saw a body of cavalry charge boldly upon our enemies and retreat with severe loss. It was supposed to be an attack upon infantry, which was very imprudent, as that arm can defeat cavalry under modern conditions unless it has first been shaken by artillery fire, or broken by charges of opposing foot soldiers.

With the afternoon of the 18th, there came orders for us to assist General Burnside on the extreme left. We crossed the Antietam bridge and creek where a desperate battle had taken place the day before. Burnside had withdrawn all of his men from the position beyond the stream except his picket line. It seemed a very weak thing

for him to do. The 22d was ordered to relieve the skirmish line. We proceeded five hundred yards up a narrow valley and then deployed as skirmishers, the men taking distance or proper space as they ran to the right up the hill and towards a barn. The enemy who were in a house to the front fired upon us. They had the range but we were too elusive for them. The 45th Pennsylvania Volunteers furnished the skirmishers that we relieved. They were partially protected where my company went on duty behind a fence, which formed part of an enclosure containing a very large barn and a yard for cattle. The rebels were similarly placed being shielded by the fence on opposite side of the enclosure forty yards away. The risk was so dangerous that the wounded could not be removed until dark. One man who was wounded in an ankle, was at the proper time, placed upon the back of a stalwart friend, who I was informed carried him to the creek without changing his position.

At midnight a company of our cavalry dashed up the valley and had a sharp skirmish with the Confederates. They found them in force and very lively. Early in the morning we ventured to climb the fence which was five feet high. Entering the barn we saw stretched upon the floor calm in death a Union soldier. A tin can containing some hospital delicacy was beside him. It was apparent that Burnside's lines had been beyond these premises which had been used as a temporary hospital. Throughout the night we could hear the rumble of Lee's wagon trains. We felt confident that he had retreated. That fact was soon manifest.

We joined the brigade, and with the corps passed through Sharpsburg. The reception by the inhabitants was very cheering.

We advanced in solid lines prepared for battle, but were a day too late. Our columns halted and selected camping sites in the vicinity of the river. A detail from two brigades which included our sharpshooters,

crossed the Potomac. General Griffin was in charge, and it captured with but slight resistance, four cannons. One of these guns had belonged to the battery under General Griffin as captain, at the first Bull Run battle, where it was captured by the Confederates.

Upon the following day, September 20th, preparations were made very carefully for a reconnoissance in force beyond the Potomac. Not much fighting was anticipated, but the temptation to catch us at disadvantage with a river to our rear, we knew to be almost irresistable to our wily antagonists. The bluffs on both banks of the Potomac at this point were seventy-five feet high. On the table land opposite us was an open plain forming a field extending to woods one thousand yards from the crest of the bluffs at the river. The Maryland bank had no plain near it. Its approaches were interspersed with trees, but abounded with good locations for artillery. They dominated the opposite bank and plain effectually.

The batteries of the 5th Corps were skilfully placed to cover the passage of the ford. The river was two hundred yards wide and varied in depth, from a secure footing of three feet to that of four feet, which was decidedly uncertain. When the brigade came to the river we found that the Chesapeake and Ohio canal beside it was dry. We crossed it and entered the water at what was called Blackford's or Shepardstown Ford. The current was quite strong, but we braved it boldly. There was no haste or excitement. The weather was pleasant, and we anticipated an agreeable incursion into a beautiful section that was new to us. When we had forded the river and were forming our line bullets began to zip over us. I at first supposed that some of our new troops were discharging their muskets fearing that the powder had got wet; but we soon perceived that the salutes were from the enemy who hoped to entrap us. General A. P. Hill's division had been hidden in the woods with the purpose of

attacking us when a considerable force had crossed, and before it was strong enough to cope with that excellent portion of Lee's army.

Colonel Barnes in command of our brigade was informed by a negro that the woods were full of rebels. He pushed forward a strong skirmish line and verified the intelligence so loyally given. We filed up a ravine and took position in line of battle on its left. We lay down on the slope slightly below its crest, so that in firing while kneeling the plane of our fire would be not over two feet from the earth. Colonel Tilton was in command of the regiment and was very cool and sagacious.

The 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers was on our right, and formed on the summit, and not profiting by our example, stood erect. The Confederates pressed forward in a very strong skirmish line. Our fire was so deadly that they deflected towards the 118th Pennsylvania. A Confederate came within ten yards of us with his blanket roll over

his shoulder and his musket grasped in both hands in position of "ready" to aim. He was peering before him like a hunter looking for birds. It was his last hunt I believe, for he suddenly disappeared.

The 118th Pennsylvania was too much exposed; its members were very brave, but their fire was too high, and almost wild. They were in the way of our artillery which from the other side was endeavoring to sweep the plain with shot, shell, grape and canister.

We had a recruit in Company K named William Mulhern, over forty years old. He was a typical Irishman of the old school. He was in the rear rank and ordered to hold his fire. He could hear the bullets whiz over us, and mastered by excitement he jumped up, and cried in a voice pitched at a high key:

"Show me the man I shall shoot!"

Laughter rippled along our line despite our precarious situation. The nervous tension of excitement, I believe, makes the

mind keenly susceptible to conflicting emotions. The transition from anxiety and desperation to acute enjoyment of the humorous element in passing events is instantaneous. Mulhern was as well known in the regiment thereafter as the colonel, and was dubbed Daddy.

A battery in endeavoring to protect us got the range too low. Edward Davis of Company B, was hit by a grape shot from it in the jaw, and mortally wounded. He hastened to the rear, holding his hands to his face. It impressed me vividly and was recalled by me when similarly injured.

Captain F. K. Field of Company B, without an instant's hesitation stepped to the front standing in bold relief upon the sky line, with his back to our assailants. He waved his hands to our batteries indicating that they should aim higher. How he escaped I connot explain. His act was one of cool devotion that shonld not pass unnoted. He was understood and heeded, as the artillery commanders were watching the

effect of their fire with field glasses.

We soon filed to the right, and facing to the rear in line of battle, marched in firm array to the river and entered it. We expected to lose many men in the water, but the discharges from our artillery were so rapid that very few of the rebels could reach the bluff, and could not then fire accurately.

We found the bed of the canal lined with infantry ready to open upon the Confederates should they come to the opposite shore.

We passed some of our batteries. The working crews were clothed only with trousers, and shoes and stockings, and were laboring with frantic energy to maintain a rapid fire. The cannonade was heard in Washington, sixty miles distant by an air line.

The 118th Pennsylvania could neither fight nor retreat successfully. They were very bold and persistent but poorly handled. Their loss was sixty-seven killed and one

hundred and twenty wounded, out of eight hundred. The veteran battalions suffered comparatively little. The Confederates intended to make the affair a second Ball's Bluff, and gave to the European press thrilling accounts of it, claiming that the Potomac was blocked by our dead. The steadiness of our old battalions and the magnificent work of our artillery averted disaster.

CHAPTER IV.

Burnside.—Longstreet.—"Might have fallen in place of a better man."—President Lincoln seemed to be looking for those who were gone.—Confederate prisoners.—Pontoons described.—McClellan relieved.—Safe man for both sides.—Porter's farewell review.—Eloquent address.—Burnside in command.—Fredericksburg battle.—Writer wounded.—Capt. Wilson's care of wounded men.—"O, Captain, I do care!"—Senator Wilson.—Government without funds.—Hospital in Boston.—Ball extracted by army surgeon.—Experience as a patient instructive.—Other methods advised.—Hooker in command.—Gen. Meade described.—Cabins, how built.—Glorious to suffer for your country.—Woodward or "Fiddle."—Chancellorsville.—Where is Jackson?—Aldie.—Frederick, Md.—Gen. Meade in command.

General McClellan was in this campaign poorly served by General Burnside, who was loyal and chivalrous but lacked mental grasp and persistence. It was generally believed in North Carolina, that his success at Newbern was due to the urgent advice and vigor in action of General Foster.

The Confederates were not fortified at the

bridge over the Antietam, stormed by the 9th Corps on the 17th, and the creek was fordable and carried by assault near the bridge. When he had gained ground he should have held it stubbornly, and not retired and permitted a division of the 5th Corps to relieve him at the front. Generals Lee and Longstreet both assert that less than forty thousand Confederates were available at Sharpsburg. General McClellan had about eighty thousand men, and still fought upon the theory that he was vastly outnumbered. This habit was inherent with him and the main cause of his failures in offensive warfare.

If the battle had been pressed by McClellan upon the 18th, with all of his forces, Lee would have been crushed. Lee fought on the defensive upon the 17th, and sustained heavy losses and yielded some ground. We suffered also, but the 5th and 6th Corps had not been fairly under fire.

General Longstreet evidently considers that their army was in extreme peril. Gen.

McClellan missed his great opportunity. A battle is largely a question of chance, and the commander who has the moral courage to gauge conditions on both sides and risk something wins.

We went into camp near Sharpsburg, and received many accessions from the hospitals of men who were wounded or taken sick upon the peninsula. The reunions were generally very cordial. We were glad to be strengthened by veterans. One individual who had been sent to the rear before our casualties were numerous, was believed by his comrades to have feigned sickness. He noted that the reception given him was somewhat chilling, and remarked to a group around a camp fire, that he was sorry he had been away, and that he did not claim to be as good a soldier as were very many others, and that very little had been lost by his absence. The reply was made by one who was embittered by the havoc among his friends, that if the apologist had been present he might have

been shot in the place of a better man.

This was cruel, and so keenly felt that an effort was made by him who delivered the thrust to pass it off as a joke. The logic, however, was sound, and in accord with the convictions of the element that moulded the opinions of the vast majority of the army.

The 5th Corps encamped near Sharpsburg, and was deficient in supplies of clothing and arms. This was the condition of the entire army, and in the controversies which ensued between the War Department and General McClellan upon that subject, I believe McClellan was right.

President Lincoln reviewed the 5th Corps October 3, 1862. We did not pass in review. He rode around every battalion and seemed much worn and distressed, and to be looking for those who were gone. Our array was not imposing in numbers. The veteran battalions had sadly diminished, but their spirit and bearing were unexceptionable.

While I was on duty at the ford, a batch of rebel prisoners was conducted through our lines having been exchanged. They were hardy and resolute men undoubtedly, but very slouchy in looks. The Confederates had cloth haversacks, and fat bacon was an important ration with them. It would penetrate the haversack, and also the clothing of the owner from knee to waist. Hair and beard were seldom trimmed, and the whole effect was in marked contrast to the neatness of our troops, who inherited the customs of the regular service.

On October 30th, we broke camp at dark, and marched all night and halted within four miles of Harper's Ferry, and starting at 10 A. M. the following day, crossed the pontoon bridge there and camped at Hillsboro, Virginia.

The pontoons were flat bottomed boats, about fifteen feet long and four feet wide, and two feet deep. One of them would make a load for a six-mule team. A bridge was made by anchoring these boats about

ten feet apart. String timbers and planks would be quickly laid and fastened by bolts and wooden pins. The material was carried with the train and placed by a drilled force. The roadway was ten feet wide and would safely bear loaded teams and artillery. It was necessary for infantry to break step to prevent the swaying of these bridges.

On Sunday, November 9th, we were in camp near Warrenton, Va., having made several marches. Some of them were in cold weather, varied with snow, but the discomfort was not accompanied by much sickness.

General McClellan was relieved on November 7th, by General Burnside, an unfortunate selection. He did not have the confidence of the army. General Sumner would have been much more acceptable. General McClellan took leave of the army November 10th, and was very warmly greeted as he rode along the lines. But the enthusiasm was not unbounded. He was a safe man for us, and perhaps for the

enemy also. He was a wonderful organizer, and his services as such have not received just recognition. He was the first love of the army and was hailed as a great leader before he had won his laurels.

His autobiography has impaired his fame. In it he strenuously complains that he did not have sufficient force, but fails to explain why he did not use fully that at his command. His assumption of the role of a politician was very unfortunate for him as a commander. He assumes that the troops regarded him as their Moses, and were disconsolate at his departure. As a matter of fact they were for the cause as embodied in a representative government. The fortunes of no individual were a grave issue with us.

There are very few who served under McClellan at the formative period of the army, and on the peninsula, who do not feel kindly towards him.

On November 12th, the 5th Corps was paraded to permit General Fitz John Porter

to bid us farewell. An elaborate attempt was made for some purpose, not then known, to make an impressive demonstration. The battalions were formed in columns by company, and General Porter's farewell address was read to each regiment. It was eloquently phrased, and referred to the organizations of the regular army as custodians of the colors and records, of the battalions that had gloriously sustained the honor of the United States in all its wars. Effusive compliments were paid to the volunteers whose valor was described as unfaltering, and devotion unsurpassed. The address concluded with cordial expressions of good will. It was a model of its kind. We were ordered to cheer as we presented arms upon the approach of the general. This was without precedent and was a grave mistake, as a cheer is supposed to be based on freedom in its strictest sense. Some regiments responded heartily to the command. The 13th New York was silent, others were divided, among whom was the 22d Massachusetts.

It was not known that Porter was in disgrace, or that he claimed that he could not march upon the night of August 27th, 1862. Neither was it fully understood that he was responsible for our inaction on August 29th. When his defence was developed, his cause fell to the ground, with those of the 5th Corps who were present during the campaign in question.

With November 17th, 1862, commenced our active campaign under General Burnside, the objective point being Fredericksburg, Va.

Upon December 11th, we arrived at the heights of Stafford, opposite that historic city. During these twenty-four days we experienced much cold weather. We halted several times for a day or more. Rations were meagre as our lines of transportation via Aquia Creek were not opened as promptly as anticipated. At Smoky camp for two days my men did not get one half the bread they were entitled to. They were good foragers and had found or appropriated

recently a sheet iron camp kettle, and rejoiced also, in the possession of a large steel frying pan, brought with us from Maryland. Our fresh meat was fully utilized. Its bones were boiled for hours, making soup that was nourishing and palatable with hunger as a sauce.

I was much interested at this place by a talk of James Wright, the orderly sergeant of the company, to a gathering by a camp fire. He said success could not be achieved by gaining one battle, that we must wear the enemy out, and should be contented whenever our losses did not exceed theirs. This was the first enunciation of the theory of attrition that I had ever heard among the enlisted men. It was pithily stated and its force soon widely recognized in the army.

During December 12th, we moved near the Rappahannock, and were visited by many men from other divisions who had secured large quantities of tobacco, and generously distributed it to those who desired it.

General Hooker was in command of the Grand Division, Butterfield of the Corps, and Griffin of the Division. These officers had the confidence of the troops, but we were not aware that they had but little influence in planning the battle. We all understood on the forenoon of December 13th, 1862, that the enemy had a strong position on the heights back of Fredericksburg, and that there were no tenable places where artillery could be used to aid in the assault, and that the contest raging was desperate in its nature and barren of satisfactory results for our arms. While the men waited patiently in line for the order to advance, I detailed Sergeant Wenzel to compel a private regarding whom I had misgivings to do his duty. A cheerful and determined spirit prevailed. We were resolved to deserve success if we did not win it. Colonel Tilton was in command of the regiment and Colonel James Barnes of the 18th Massachusetts Volunteers, of the brigade.

At half past two Colonel Barnes gave the order to march. We crossed the river upon a pontoon bridge below the centre of the city, which consisted of a few streets parallel to the water and lined with substantial buildings. We filed to the right then to the left, and were soon exposed to the artillery of Lee. The column passed over a small embankment upon which the enemy's range was perfect, as a shell about every twenty seconds would explode there, killing or wounding several men.

I turned to see if my company kept its formation intact, when Ned Flood, custodian of the treasured frying pan, held it out so as to catch my attention and asked by word and gesture, permission to drop it. I assented and with a serio-comical look of grief he cast it from him. In an instant we were on the bank and a shell burst over us wounding four of my men.

We moved steadily on and filed to the right upon an open plain, then facing to the front advanced on the enemy in line of

battle. The fire upon us was tremendous, but, under its gallant leaders, the brigade closed its ranks and pressed on. After traveling about eight hundred yards we reached the extreme front, the 22d taking the position previously held by the 12th Rhode Island Volunteers, and still occupied by their dead, who were almost numerous enough for one rank of a line of battle.

We were slightly sheltered by a little ridge or undulation, and lay prone upon the earth. I looked back and saw Sergeant Wenzel stalking through the storm of fire with his musket at support arms. He came to me, and was about to come to shoulder arms and salute, when I ordered him peremptorily to lie down. He obeyed, and said that the man placed under his charge jumped and ran when the shell exploded at the bank, and that he caught him, and found that he was severely wounded, and assisted him for a few moments. The sergeant assured me that if the man in question had been unhurt he

would have brought him to me. I knew when I made the detail that Wenzel was inexorable as fate in the execution of orders.

The rebels had lines upon a commanding elevation over eight hundred yards distant, and a nearer line one hundred and fifty yards away, and somewhat lower than the position held by us. The enemy soon began to yell and the volume of sound indicated a heavy force and the intention to charge. Our men sprang to their feet, Sergeant Martis advanced the colors, and standing upon the crest of the ridge, our boys raised a cheer of defiance and began a rapid and deadly fire upon our assailants.

I took a musket and some cartridges from a wounded man, and helped my men out. I stood a little to the right and rear of Sergeant Morrissey, and we thrust our ramrods into the wet ground to save time. I had fired only a few rounds when Morrissey and I grasped simultaneously the same ramrod. He was fighting like a fiend, and

glared upon me like a tiger, but his expression changed like a flash into one of pleased recognition.

This is the last I recollect prior to being struck by an ounce ball from the second line of the Confederates, which passed through the angle of my left jaw lodging in my neck. I must have had the right side of my face upon the musket while in the act of aiming downward, and was struck from above. Morrissey fell at the same instant, a ball passing behind his eyes and mortally wounding him. He was taken to the rear after dark by Sergeants Wright and Kenfield, who were determined to see that he was properly cared for. He was inconsolable about his sight and could not be deceived regarding it. He died December 24, 1862, a gallant and devoted soldier. I was taken back a few yards where I was less exposed, and must have been unconscious for some time.

As I rallied from the shock my mind was disturbed as in a troubled dream. I beheld

again E. Davis of Company B, going to the rear at Shepardstown or Blackford's Ford, Va., the previous September 20th, with his ghastly face wound, and soon found I was in a similar condition. But I quickly gained strength and confidence, though bleeding profusely.

The enemy had been repulsed and the fire slackened. Two of my men helped me to the rear and I was taken in an ambulance over the river and then brought back, as it was decided to use the city for hospital purposes. The trip was very trying. I was taken to a house, seized for our brigade hospital, and when I walked into the parlor Adjutant Benson of our regiment, exclaimed in amzement:

"I thought I saw you shot through the head."

He was looking for the wounded for a few minutes. I was provided with a pallet in the parlor, with about a dozen other officers nearly all from the 2d Maine.

Captain Wilson of that regiment was

severely wounded but alert. He said that a young private of his company had been on the operating table and lost a badly shattered leg without being consulted, and he wished him brought into our room where he could care for him. We readily consented, and while unconscious he was placed upon an improvised bed on the floor, and all waited the denouement. He was a beardless boy, handsome as a girl.

As consciousness returned he gazed around in a dazed way, but soon grasped the situation, and raising slightly turned back the blanket exposing the stump. Captain Wilson then addressed him in a kindly and eloquent manner, saying that the bone was shattered in fragments, that the amputation was unavoidable and that he would soon recover, and would live to a good old age in Bangor, and be honored there, but unfortunately in closing he said:

"York, you don't care, do you?"

The poor boy's eyes suffused with tears, and in a voice tremulous with grief he replied:

"O captain, I do care!"

Every sound was hushed for several moments. Captain Wilson was overwhelmed. York, I was informed, gradually faded away. The pathos and dramatic force of the incident have never lost their potency with me.

Our brigade the 1st, of 1st Division, 5th Corps, took into action about 2500 men and lost 500. The eighty-nine reported missing were undoubtedly killed upon the plain. Total Union loss 12,653 killed and wounded; Confederate, 5377.

In the course of three or four days I reached Washington. I was feeble but able to walk. I called upon Senator Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, who raised the twenty-second. He was very kind, and got me a leave of absence. He found that there was not a paymaster in Washington who had funds. The army was six months in arrears. He said measures were being taken to raise $50,000,000 to pay it. He personally loaned me what I needed.

The popular depression was unmistakable. Gloom prevailed in loyal circles everywhere. The Confederates and the irfriends believed that we must acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy.

I reached Somerville, Mass., my home, in due season, and early in January, 1863, entered the Massachusetts general hospital. I had a swelling in my neck three inches below the wound. My father thought it was the ball. Dr. Bigelow at the hospital scouted the opinion, and said it was a sympathetic gland. In probing the wound he was convinced that the ball was lodged in the angle of the jaw. He made some very unkind remarks about our defeat that I thought gratuitous but I did not reply, not trusting my temper. He manifested much interest in my case, and undoubtedly gave me the full benefit of all the skill at his command, and the mistake in his diagnosis was also made by others of the highest repute in surgery.

The wound was distended for several

days, and under the influence of ether I was operated upon, an effort being made to find the ball in the jaw. Several hours afterwards hemorrhage set in, and was only stopped after a strenuous and doubtful struggle, by the house surgeon and attendants. Inflammation ensued, and after two weeks was reduced, so that I was in a fit condition to be taken home by my father.

In May, 1863, after the Chancellorsville campaign, my wound had changed in contour. I was convinced that the ball was not in the jaw, and for the first time since my return to the front in the last of March, submitted my case to the regimental surgeons, Drs. Stearns and Simmons. They did not feel flattered by my previous avoidance of them, but we were all friends, and they forgave me when informed of my sufferings.

Dr. Stearns remarked that the insertion of a needle would not hurt the gland, and would determine if the swelling was caused by the ball. In a moment the test was

made and ore struck. On the following day an incision an inch in depth removed the rifle ball.

Gunshot wounds are indeed very puzzling. My course in surgery as a patient was at least instructive, but I advise the study of the profession from some other standpoint.

When I returned to the army, Gen. Joseph Hooker had been its commander for nearly two months. The record he had made and his popularity justified the selection. On the Peninsula, he had advised an offensive policy, and had commanded a division with great skill. His energy under Gen. Pope, and magnificent leadership in the Maryland campaign, challenged the admiration of the country.

It was well known that he was very free in his comments upon his superiors. But he was a brilliant corps commander, and his promotion to the control of the Army of the Potomac was very acceptable to it.

Laurels now had to be won before they could be worn.

Gen. Daniel Butterfield was made chief of staff, which was very satisfactory to our division, in which he had led a brigade. He was brave, competent, and popular. He caused corps badges to be designed and adopted. This idea had great practical value. It excited enthusiasm, checked straggling, and identified wounded and dead partially. Gen. Hooker had been in the cavalry service, and had sound views regarding it. He proceeded to consolidate and reorganize that branch of the service in the Army of the Potomac. It was thoroughly done. Weak or inefficient officers were discharged, and brigades and divisions given brilliant leaders. A complete equipment was furnished, and an energetic demand made for satisfactory results.

Our men had become accustomed to riding, and were trained to use their weapons skilfully, and they responded to the appeal.

The days of the ascendency of the gallant southern troopers were soon over. They fought desperately, and sometimes with suc-

cess. But our superior equipment and equal intrepidity gave our mounted force growing superiority.

Gen. Geo. C. Meade was the Fifth Corps commander. His appearance was in marked contrast to that of Generals Porter and Butterfield, his predecessors, who were fine looking men and dashing horsemen.

Gen. Meade wore both beard a moustaches, and was very near-sighted. This compelled him to wear eye-glasses. His bearing was that of a student or professor. He was very active and inquisitive, and his industry and mastery of details were surprising. It was said by the clerks at corps headquarters that he would work until midnight. He scrutinized closely all reports, and exacted the return, from detached duty to the ranks, of all whose detail was not absolutely necessary. He inspired respect, as it was known that he was, in addition to his administrative ability, a determined and skilful fighter.

The troops were in cabins made of logs

and with roofs covered with cloth. These quarters were about twelve feet long by six feet wide, with an aperture for a rude door. The logs would be laid horizontally, and to the height of six feet. The frame for a gable roof would be made from small poles, and the cloth cover, of pieces of shelter tents. Bunks would be made of poles, or with boards from boxes, two feet from the earth. These cabins would accommodate four men each. They all had fire-places, and the woods for a long distance had been destroyed by the industrious seekers for fuel.

Gen. Hooker exhibited great tact and judgment in his treatment of the army. Full rations were issued, and clothing, including foot-wear, was in full supply. The troops were not unnecessarily harassed, and good feeling prevailed. Gen. Hooker was understood to claim, in his lofty style, that he had the best army on the planet. He also asserted that he would fight with it against Lee, as long as a battalion would hold together.

The President again visited us and reviewed the army. At this time it was composed of better material than ever before or after. There were very few if any organizations that had not been in battle.

Capt. Conant, of our regiment, who was quite popular, received his discharge at this period for physical disability, and gave a farewell reception and supper to the company officers. It was conducted on very dignified lines, but those who desired to drink to the health of the host were not obliged to use water. Lieut. Wm. H. Steele, in command of Company H, was very genial and popular, and only twenty-two years old. He toasted Capt. Conant once too often, but the fact was not evident, except to a very close observer. He returned to his cabin, and was immediately waited upon by a habitual grumbler, who charged that Charley Haseltine, the orderly sergeant, had imposed upon him. Haseltine was very just, and the lieutenant knew it. The complainant was persistent, and the lieutenant was

solemn and reserved, fearing that he might betray evidence of his indiscretion. Finally he said that he had every confidence in the sergeant, and that there must be some mistake that could be explained. This did not appease the man. Lieut. Steele then said, "I think you are wrong but sincere;" and added impressively: "Young man, don't you know it is glorious to suffer for your country?"

A goodly portion of the company was outside listening to this, Lieut. Steele's first decision on a question of discipline, and it was keenly enjoyed. It became a stock phrase and was frequently the only satisfaction that could be given.

The campaign began April 28, 1863, and we marched eighteen miles and halted near Kelly's Ford. Upon the following day, we crossed the Rappahannock, and after advancing sixteen miles, reached and forded the Rapidan, which was quite deep. After moving a few miles on the 30th, we came in touch with the enemy. While halting to

load, I heard a member of Co. K. say:—

"Fiddle, here is a musket."

W. T. Woodward, the person addressed, seized it eagerly, and taking a cartridge from his pocket, loaded and stepped into the front rank. He was twenty years old, and enlisted from Dorchester, Mass., in 1861. He was six feet high and weighed one hundred and ten pounds. He was supposed to be consumptive, but protested against being discharged. He was too weak, when we left winter quarters, to carry a musket. But he kept with the company and was helped by his friends; especially by Daddy Mulhern, who was very strong and was his chum. Woodward had his father's home for refuge, but said that he came with the boys and wished to return with them.

His wonderful persistence and courage endeared him to his associates. They would chaff him, saying that if he kept behind his musket he would be safe. He was wounded severely however, both at

Gettysburg and Petersburg. He became a letter-carrier in Dorchester, and died there about 1890.

The campaign lasted until May 6. We were marched and countermarched, and several times were under heavy artillery fire.

The Confederates very foolishly attacked us on May 4. Our division line formed a right angle. The 9th Mass. advanced from our front towards the woods, in magnificent style. The rebels swarmed to attack it in flank. Thirty pieces of artillery were in position on the other face of the angle and delivered a volley, followed by rapid discharges of shot and shell into the woods through which the Confederates were coming.

May 6, we recrossed the Rappahannock. The army had been but partially engaged. The 1st, 2nd, 5th, and 12th Corps had been simply in line, and not actively used. The 6th Corps at Fredericksburg, and the 3d and 11th with us, were great sufferers.

Gen. Hooker had proved unequal to his task and lost the confidence of the army as its leader. The sentiment generally expressed was that Hooker had been beaten, —not the army.

It was the common opinion, in the army, that Gen. Howard, in command of the 11th Corps, had not been vigilant and had allowed his men to be surprised. We lost eleven thousand killed and wounded, and five thousand prisoners. The loss of Lee's army was, in killed and wounded, equal to ours. This fact was gradually developed. Our ambulance trains were sent over under a flag of truce to gather our wounded, and reported that the casualties among the enemy were frightful. Stonewall Jackson, after his defeat of the 11th Corps, pushed on with reckless fury and launched his infantry against the batteries of Pleasanton and of the 3d Corps. He was baffled, and his men swept down by a terrific cannonade and the musketry fire of the gallant troops led by Sickles.

Gen. R. E. Lee displayed consummate ability in this compaign, advancing his prestige to its highest point.

Chancellorsville is a sad word with Confederate writers,—for Stonewall Jackson, their loved leader, perished there. His loss was irreparable. No other chief could command such efforts and sacrifices from the rank and file as he.

We returned to our camps; and old picket lines were re-established, and the tacit truce between them renewed. The Confederates would inquire when we were coming over again, and our boys were silent. But when Jackson's death was known and our men asked, "Where is Jackson?" the situation was reversed.

New dispositions were wisely made, but the confidence of the army in Gen. Hooker's ability to handle it in action was gone.

The troops from New York and Maine, that were enlisted for two years, now began to leave us. Our brigade lost, between Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, from this

cause, the 13th and 25th New York and the 2nd Maine. The regiments enlisted for two years were, of course, but a small portion of those furnished by the above states.

The campaign to thwart Lee was initiated May 30, 1863. The cavalry corps crossed the Rappahannock and engaged the Confederate cavalry, under Stuart, on the plains near Brandy Station. The contest was desperate, with varying fortune, but the result gave our mounted force confidence and prestige. Important papers and orders were captured disclosing Lee's plans. His intention to invade the North was outlined, and the Army of the Potomac directed its course northward through the Loudon valley.

We traveled twenty miles, June 17, stopping at Gum Spring. The heat was excessive and water very scarce. It was reported that twenty-seven men died from sunstroke during the day, in our division of three brigades. Col. Gleason, of the 25th New York, was one of the victims.

The Confederates had, after the Chancel-

lorsville campaign, preached a new crusade.

Gen. Longstreet's corps was brought from Suffolk, Va., and the ranks of the old regiments filled with recruits and conscripts, full of enthusiasm and trusting implicitly in the leadership of General Lee to win a decisive victory.

At Gum Spring I was assigned to the charge of the brigade ambulance train. Lieut. Ayers of the 18th Massachusetts, was in command of the division train, consisting of three brigade sections. My control was over ten two-horse ambulance wagons and fifteen men. I accepted the duty temporarily as I was enfeebled by my wound, and could not recuperate while the marching was so prolonged. My efforts to keep up with the column were often unavailing, and there was no alternative except leave of absence, which I did not want.

I was failing under the heat but rallied in my new position. We halted at Aldie June 19th. A fiercely contested cavalry engagement had occurred there on the 17th.

The 1st Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry had participated and I searched for my schoolmate Richard Hill, and found that he had been wounded and sent to a general hospital. Upon June 21st, we followed the cavalry and our division of infantry to Ashby's Gap, in the dividing range between the Loudon and Shenandoah Valleys. The distance was fifteen miles. The Confederate cavalry tried to stop us, and there were several sharp combats between the mounted forces. In these our men were successful before the infantry could help. Its presence made the enemy less tenacious in holding strong positions. They knew that the infantry or "walk-a-heaps," as the Indians call it, could dislodge them if awaited.

Our cavalry could see from the Gap, the columns of Lee going north. The cavalry is indeed the eyes and ears of an army, and owing to some error Stuart with the main body of the Confederate cavalry was on our right flank. General Lee was therefore

poorly served with information about our movements for several days.

The Loudon Valley was a beautiful country, undulating, fertile and well cultivated, and dotted with the fine homesteads of an intelligent people.

We crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry June 27th, and camped near Frederick, Md., the following day. General Meade took command of the army here. It was understood that he was the choice of the corps commanders, and was reluctant to assume the responsibility. He promulgated a brief annoucement of the fact, which was very well received. The army was weary of military grandiloquence. It knew that General Meade meant to fight with desperation, and had faith in his ability. The army was directed vigorously upon Lee's communications with his base of supplies.

CHAPTER V.

Doubly volunteers.—Gettysburg.—Stretcher bearers on line of battle.— Surgeons.— He chased a wounded man.—Sergeant Wright.—First doctor that has understood my case.—Tact required with wounded.—18th Massachusetts wouldn't cheer.—Waiting for the army to come again. — Horses out-marched. — Kearney's sabre.— Bristow.—Private Russell.—Would have lain down and died if given time.—Fight of the Provost Guard. — Fletcher Webster's grave. — Gen. Sykes halted by picket.—Battle at Rappahannock Station.

The marches from Frederick, Md., were forced, and as the troops were worn by the movement from the Rappahannock the demands upon their endurance could not be fully met. The stragglers now included a large element of the most faithful men. The various Provost Guards could not cope with the difficulty as its magnitude was so great and the reason for it so palpable and unanswerable. Thousands would throng the roads long after dark seeking their regiments. The men on northern soil were

safe and were doubly volunteers, as under the circumstances duty could be evaded almost without censure.

The 5th Corps arrived near Gettysburg at 9 A. M., July 2d, 1863. It had been travelling for twenty-four hours with but very brief halts, and its ranks were materially reduced in numbers by unavoidable straggling. The brigade rested in woods on the west bank of Rock Creek. I left the train and took the stretcher bearers under my control to the front. We found the men were enjoying the shade; very many were sleeping. But the expectation that the Confederates would speedily attack excited an interest that kept the majority awake.

Lee's army was supposed to be in excellent condition, and well in hand. It had preceded us to Pennsylvania, marching leisurely. It was plainly the part of wisdom for him to assail us before our army could concentrate. But on the previous day he had lost 7500 men, and employed

seventeen of his thirty-seven brigades in defeating one fourth of Meade's army, and was very cautious.

Every hour added to our strength. Those who had fallen out from exhaustion were constantly reporting with expressions of satisfaction that they were in time. The ruling temper was one of desperation. We must win or die here, was the watchword. Our general position upon the 2nd of July was within the limits of wedge-shaped lines. This gave General Meade a great advantage in shifting troops to strengthen menaced positions. He used it fully during the day. Colonel Tilton led the brigade and Lieut.-Colonel Sherwin our regiment. When the order to move came at about 4 P. M., the column moved quietly and rapidly through the fields. In a few moments we halted in the edge of a belt of high timber, free from undergrowth, but abounding in large boulders. Line of battle was formed instantly. I asked Lieut.-Colonel Sherwin where he wanted the

stretchers? He made a reply that I do not now recall. I placed them four paces behind the line. The 3d Corps skirmishers then came from the front and said the rebels were following.

In a moment they were among the boulders, and not over fifty feet away. They were as much protected as we. There was no recoil on either side but an unflinching exchange of deadly fire.

My squad which regarded its situation as without precedent, and could not leave without loads got them very soon, and disappeared with marvellous celerity.

The orders on the firing line were not to assist the wounded during a crisis. The story is told that a certain individual whose record was not remarkably good, went into the fight cheerfully but soon weakened, and sought a pretext to retreat. He saw a comrade who was wounded in an arm, very properly running to the rear, and started to help him. The boys said that the fellow when last seen was chasing a wounded man

to help him off the field, and that the injured comrade was gaining gradually.

I went with my men to keep them up to their duty. They were very faithful, but did not have to go upon the firing line again. The wounded were everywhere. Surgeons were in little hollows 250 to 400 yards in rear of the combatants to give temporary reliefand exhibited great courage and fidelity for non-combatants.

The 5th Corps fought with wonderful tenacity and varied fortune, but on the whole successfully. Its battalions never broke and when forced back retreated fighting, and would again take the offensive. The 3d Brigade of our division immortalized itself by holding Little Round Top.

I heard an artillery officer of portly form and florid complexion, exclaim: "God bless the 5th Corps, it is holding them!" I had expected judging from his sanguine temperament and excited manner to listen to some profane imprecation upon the enemy.

After darkness set in I went back to Rock Creek. The day's battle was over, the 3d Corps was assembling again and the reserve artillery was moving across the bridge to the front. The troops were exultant, the consensus of opinion was that Lee would not again attack. The scale it was believed had turned in our favor. We were constantly receiving accessions from the stragglers and belated. There was also confidence in our leadership. Meade had exhibited skill and energy. He was a short range fighter personally, when the emergency demanded a supreme effort. Generals Hancock and Warren also came grandly to the front.

Sergeant J. W. Kenfield, my protege, of Company E, of the 22d Massachusetts, was wounded and with several others of the same regiment was in a tent beyond Rock Creek. William T. Woodward, or "Fiddle," of K, was helped in. "How did you get a flesh wound?" was asked with some hilarity by those whose sufferings were not then

acute. He replied: "Boys, I kept behind my musket but some Johnny got a flank shot at me, and here I am."

I returned to the front, and finding my regiment, secured a blanket and slept upon the field. Upon the 3d, I was busy with the ambulances conveying wounded to the field hospital, which was established one-half mile east of Rock Creek on the Baltimore Turnpike.

A tremendous cannonade began at 1 P. M., and lasted an hour. It was understood that it was preliminary to an assault upon our lines, which we all felt would be futile in results, except as it brought disaster upon the Confederates. The repulse was soon known. There were many Southerners among the wounded, and they received the same attention as our comrades. Orderly Sergeant James Wright of my Company E, of the 22d Massachusetts, was shot through a lung. The ball was taken out of his back. He was feeble but cheerful. He rejoined the regiment the October fol-

lowing, but could not stand the exposure, and was sent home. He told me that he was examined repeatedly by surgeons for several days, and warned that his case was incurable. But he was hopeful; finally a brigade surgeon of the regular army after a careful inspection said:

"I believe that as you have lived ten days you will recover."

The sergeant then remarked:

"You are the first surgeon who has understood my case."

The others knew the wound but not the man. Wright said the hospitals were fully supplied with well-meaning helpers whose aid was volunteered and invaluable. There was another element, however, devoid of tact and judgment. Its members were devoted and sympathetic and though attentive to physical wants of the wounded, considered it their mission to give religious advice or consolation whether it was acceptable or not. They would say to many in a grave but not hopeless condition, that they

should prepare for death. The sergeant said two comrades near him were very unfavorably affected physically by these warnings. He repelled the exhorters, saying that he was prepared to die when he went into action, and his mind was undisturbed, and he was confident that he would recover. He is now (May, 1900), an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, at Togus, Maine. I regret to make strictures upon the discretion of those who, animated by religious zeal and patriotism, have cared for the wounded. It is my purpose to present the truth without fear or favor. I hope in so doing to aid in a slight degree in correcting mistakes in the treatment of the sick and wounded. I believe that religious advice and consolation should be available and freely given to all who wish for it. No sectarian or creed lines should be drawn, but the wishes of the patient ought to be respected if he does not want such attention.

Upon July 4th, at 10 P. M., the ambulances went to the front to collect the

wounded from temporary shelters, and bring them to the well appointed hospitals in the rear. Nearly all were in a very distressing condition. Their wounds were fevered, and as our route through the fields was very rough our procession was accompanied almost continually by groans and exclamations of agony. It was very harrowing to me. We expected many would die before the division hospital was reached, but all survived.

The movement after Lee began on the afternoon of July 5th, and as the regiments were formed to await marching orders, I witnessed an incident that was trivial in some respects. It was, however, instructive, as an exemplification of the temper and traits of the veterans. A petty advantage had been gained by a small force of cavalry over the enemy near Williamsport, Md., on the Potomac. A circular containing the details had been sent to the commanders of regiments through the regular official channels from army headquart-

ers as a matter of general interest. Colonel Hayes, of the 18th Massachusetts, formed his battalion in column by company, at half distance. He then announced that an important circular would be read by the adjutant. The strictest attention was given in anticipation of thrilling intelligence. At the conclusion, Colonel Hayes waved his hat enthusiastically, and called for three cheers; not a voice was raised in response. The situation was humiliating for the colonel, and his looks betrayed his surprise. The men regarded the circular as unimportant, and by common consent were silent.

The 18th Massachusetts was an excellent regiment in every sense, and was composed of sagacious men. Colonel Hayes was a brave officer and had the respect of his subordinates, but they were disposed to think and decide for themselves when their privileges permitted.

General Meade at Gettysburg exhibited high talents. He had coped successfully with General Lee, and given full play to the

great fighting machine under him. It was a soldiers' battle, led by a great soldier, one whose vigilance grasped every detail. General Meade was always present as a commander at the critical point. After the battle he had fifty thousand men to pursue the forty thousand under Lee. Gettysburg had been a defensive struggle with us. General Lee in retreat took temporarily strong positions. Meade hesitated to attack in front, and was not able to hold and flank him. General Lee was a great commander and made an adroit retreat. General Meade had not the same prestige with us that Lee had gained in his army, and was practically obliged to defer to his corps commanders. Of these, the ablest, General Hancock, was absent wounded.

General Meade's fame is secure. His modest, vigilant service, soundness of judgment and unfaltering courage and fidelity, will command the gratitude they deserve.

The Union army's loss at Gettysburg was

3072 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5434 missing. Total, 23,003. Confederates, 2572 killed, 12,703 wounded, captured 5150. The number of prisoners who were wounded was reported by General Meade's Medical Director as 6802. The Confederate losses were undoubtedly minimized in their reports.

The prestige of their arms was impaired and the Army of the Potomac had found a competent leader whom it could safely trust. The Confederates regained the Virginia shore on the night of July 13, 1863.

Upon the 15th, the 5th Corps travelled twenty miles passing over the South Mountain. The heat was intense and the straggling during the day very great. One poor fellow by the roadside, in response to appeals of a friend, declared that he intended to wait until the army came around again. We crossed two ranges of steep mountains in Maryland in 1862, and climbed the South Mountain or range twice in 1863. On July

16th, Berlin, Maryland, was our destination, and duly reached.

At Berlin, Maryland, July 17th, 1863, the Army of the Potomac crossed that river for the last time as an invading force. We advanced for several days without stirring incidents, and on the 23d, entered Manassas Gap. The road was rough but the scenery very beautiful. The infantry halted early in the afternoon to allow the batteries of light artillery to park, and care for their horses.

This was an illustration of the fact that able bodied men can endure more than selected horses under similar conditions. The burdens of the infantry were greater in proportion to the strength of the men than those alloted the animals. Six horses were attached to a gun carriage and the same number to a caisson or ammunition truck. A cannon and its truck could not have weighed more than two tons, and the caisson with its contents did not exceed the same limit. Each span or pair had a rider, and the gunners and helpers are supposed

to ride upon the gun carriages and caissons, but on marches when the horses were jaded nearly all would walk. When in camp the horses were carefully groomed, fed and watered. There were bugle calls for those purposes, and officers gave strict attention to their faithful performance. If the stay in camp promised to be prolonged for a few days, trees would be felled and shelters covered with boughs constructed. These would protect the horses from the sun and rain. Tarpaulins would also be used. Between movements of the army the work required from the stock was no more than that necessary for exercise.

The infantry soldier carried a weight of at least thirty pounds and was generally on long campaigns insufficiently fed. At the end of a day's tramp he was fortunate to escape guard duty either camp or picket. After a night's rest they would have recuperated and in prolonged campaigns would out-walk the Light Artillery and the horses of staff officers.

The effort to bring on an engagement near the gap was futile. We camped August 8th, near Beverly Ford, and remained there nearly five weeks. I had gained in strength, and made a written request to be returned to my regiment, which was granted.

I reported for duty very early in September, and was assigned temporarily to the command of Company I. I considered that my proper place at that time was with the regiment. Danger, I realized, was inseparable from duty with the battalion on the firing line. But there is where cheerfulness reigns, and also the consciousness of doing the utmost for the cause. Distressing sights there pass quickly as a rule. The wounded are removed or the line, if moving, separates from them. In the ambulance work the scenes were depressing. The slightly wounded formed quite a portion of those relieved by it. But minie balls at low velocity comparatively speaking, shattered bones terribly, and the handling and

transportation of the men thus injured was a very painful task to me. The ambulance train was generally in the rear of the corps, and at times portions of it were separated from it.

The old drivers had many interesting reminiscences to relate. One of them named Goodnow, I believe, of Company A, of the 22nd, was very faithful and observant. He said that on the retreat from Centreville to Chantilly, Va., after the Second Bull Run battle, he was preceded by a headquarters wagon driven by a colored man. His load was light and he could have taken in one or two wounded men without difficulty. A great many who were feeble asked him to help them, but were refused. General Phil Kearney, who was riding by, interfered, and ordered the driver to take on two of the unfortunate; he refused offensively. The general who was one-armed, dropped his rein, drew his sabre and made a slash at the fellow that would have killed him if he had not ducked and run. He then told the

wounded to take possession, and several of them did so. He was killed that day or the next, at Chantilly.

The regiment passed through Culpepper Court House or village, September 17, 1863, and encamped two miles beyond. We were about four miles from the Rapidan and pleasantly located.

On October 3d, a sword was presented to Col. Tilton by the officers of the regiment, and I was induced to make the address by assurances that the attendance would be small. But I soon discovered that there would be a grand rally of the friends of the Colonel and of the regiment; and nearly five hundred were present. The occasion was a memorable one, and I succeeded better in my first attempt at public speaking than I have been able to since. There was not much relaxation from our hardships, and occasions joyous in their nature were indeed welcome.

Upon October 10th, we advanced to Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan. It was here

that Lafayette, in command of American troops, forded, when pursued by Cornwallis, in 1781. The 11th and 12th corps were now detached and, under Gen. Hooker, formed the 20th Corps and were sent to Tennessee. They were needed to aid in retrieving the disaster inflicted upon our cause at Chickamauga. In this battle, Longstreet's corps, from Lee's army of Northern Virginia, achieved a brilliant success. Our western comrades were convinced that the troops we had fought were more formidable than those they had heretofore met.

The campaign upon which we now entered was confined to efforts to engage at advantage, if possible. If baffled in that purpose, the enemy was to be prevented from detaching reinforcements to the West.

Gen. Lee menaced our flank and rear, and we began to retreat on October 11th and marched through Culpepper and halted near Beverly Ford, on the eastern side.

On October 12th, at noon, the 2nd, 5th,

and 6th Corps recrossed the Rappahannock and advanced in line. I was on the skirmish line, 300 yards ahead, and had an excellent view of the magnificent array. Brandy Plain is the largest open space in that part of Virginia. Many of the battalions were deployed, others were in column by company, with distance reserved to deploy on either flank. The alignment was perfect, and the numerous flags and guidons gave coloring and brilliancy to the scene. A large cavalry force was in our front. The supposition was that we were being followed in our retreat by a portion of Lee's infantry, which we might overtake and overwhelm. Our combined force of infantry and cavalry soon ascertained that this theory was erroneous. Lee was on our flank with practically his whole force.

We halted at night, and at 3 A. M., on the 13th, moved to Beverly Ford and prepared breakfast, and then resumed our tramp for Catlett's Station and did not camp until after dark. The army was kept

perfectly in hand, the trains moving parallel to the infantry. Frequent short halts were made, and the sick aided by ambulances.

The 14th we continued our march beside the railroad and halted at noon for dinner, near a small stream. The column had but fairly resumed its course when a rebel battery opened fire upon us. We continued steadily on, as the Corps was ordered to intercept Lee, who was supposed to have ordered his army to concentrate at Manassas. Several men were struck in the brigade on our left. Finally a rifled battery went into position. My company filed in its rear just as its six pieces were discharged in a volley. I exchanged glances with Sergeant Mosher; we expected to suffer from the return fire.

Our boys must have had the range perfectly, as the rebels were silenced, much to our satisfaction. We continued our movement.

The 2nd Corps was attacked, but won a

decided victory at Bristow, capturing five hundred of Hill's division and killing and wounding as many more. The 5th Corps was ordered to assist the 2nd Corps, and hastened to do so, but was not needed. We met the captured Confederates under guard. They did not seem particularly unhappy at their lot. We then began anew our march towards Bull Run and Centreville, and reached the latter place about four o'clock on the morning of the following day, October 15th.

Gen. Sykes has been censured unjustly for not returning without orders to Gen Warren's aid. But Manassas and Centreville were supposed to be the storm centres, and he was ordered to hasten there. The attack upon Gen. Warren, then in command of the 2nd Corps, was at first supposed to be trivial, and for the purpose of delaying concentration.

At daybreak on the 15th we were rejoined by James T. Russell, a private of Co. I who had served in the British army, and

said he was in the Crimea; and from his graphic account of his experience, this statement was credited. He fought nobly at Fredericksburg, but avoided battle whenever possible. He had fallen out on the 13th, making the plea of sickness. I was angry when he reported, and reproved him sharply, as I believed that he had been tricky. He claimed earnestly to have been very ill, and said:—

"I would have lain down and died if the Rebs. had given me time."

They were following the rear closely with a small force. He said he was arrested by the Provost Guard of the 2nd Corps, together with some 200 other stragglers. They were put into the Bristow fight by General Hays of the 2nd Corps, who ordered the guard to shoot every man who flinched. Russell was lost in admiration of Hays's bravery, as he remained mounted and cool under a fearful musketry fire. The stragglers fought like tigers. After the fight was over, he was put on duty as a

guard over prisoners, and, when it became dark, unfixed his bayonet and sought his regiment. His story, which was narrated very forcibly, created much amusement. He was a veritable waif, and was warmly attached to his comrades. He had considerable money upon his person, and notified his friends that he had no relations, and that if he should fall, the first among them who should search his clothes would be his heir. He abjured them not to leave his money for the rebels. He survived the war.

We camped near Fairfax Court House the afternoon of the 15th, and were soon snugly ensconced in the woods. But at 9 P. M., on the 16th, we were ordered out and marched for two hours, and halted in a field bare even of grass. A very cold rain was falling, and no wood could be found in the darkness. We suffered intensely. Lieutenant R. T. Bourne was my chum; we lay down under the same blankets. I feared that he was fatally chilled, as he was thin-blooded; but he ral-

lied in the morning. We bivouacked upon the second Bull Run battlefield on the 19th, and saw the grave of Col. Fletcher Webster of the 12th Mass. Volunteers. It was designated by an inscription upon a board, and attracted much attention. He was the son of Daniel Webster, the great orator and statesman. Many of the fallen were only partially interred.

The army finally established its supply depots on the railroad near Warrenton Junction, and, on October 30th, the 5th Corps camped there. General Lee, in his retreat, had wrecked the railroad effectually for thirty miles; all bridges were destroyed and the rails heated and bent. It was his object to prevent an advance by Meade, and he was so sure that his purpose had been accomplished, that his army was placed in winter quarters.

The ford at Rappahannock Station, and also Kelly's Ford were strongly held, and at Rappahannock the left or east bank was occupied. This was for the purpose of se-

curing full control of the crossing should he desire to make a forward movement.

Our resources as railroad builders had been rated erroneously. The bridges had been duplicated and stored in Alexandria, and, together with rails and necessary supplies, were available at once. The track was speedily replaced, and supplies accumulated. The problem of the transportation for a considerable distance of the food and other essentials for an army of 70,000 men and 30,000 horses and mules, is very serious. The weight of these daily requirements must be in excess of two hundred and fifty tons.

Guard duty must be faithfully done. This is a fundamental principle in military regulations. It is diligently impressed upon all soldiers, and detailed instruction is carefully given recruits. Many enlisted men were thoroughly versed in the legal lore connected with the discharge of that duty under circumstances where discretion was admissible. The enlisted man when on

post was often tempted to magnify his authority. Ordinarily he was a machine under a discipline, often irksome. But on guard he was within broad limitations supreme, and he inwardly rejoiced thereat.

The 5th Corps picket line at Warrenton Junction was duly established, and upon a certain tour of duty Lieut. M. M. Davis and I, were in charge of a portion of it. Lieut. Davis supervised the right and I the left half of our command. General Sykes, attended by two or three orderlies, had in a round of inspection gone outside of the line. He rode up to a picket guard in our right wing, and was halted. He wore a cavalry overcoat and displayed no insignia of rank. In complexion and general appearance his individuality was not marked, but I believe the guard knew him. He however insisted that he did not, and called the corporal of his relief. This officer was a very determined veteran, thoroughly versed on all the points of guard duty. He also told the general courteously his instructions, and

said that he did not recognize him. The general was impatient and humiliated, and replied, "You must know your Corps Commander," and imprudently, and perhaps almost unconsciously, placed his hand on the hilt of his sabre. The corporal covered him with his musket, and in very pointed language said, that if an attempt was made to draw a weapon he would shoot. Lieut. Davis was then called. He saluted the general, who remarked that it was strange that he was not known by the guard. Lieut. Davis said he was sorry, but that they did their duty. General Sykes cheerfully assented. This incident made quite a stir in the division, and it was regarded as creditable to the regiment. There was no purpose to slight General Sykes, who was a very brave and capable officer.

General Lee's intelligence bureau must have failed him at this period, as he was evidently unaware that General Meade had accumulated rations sufficient for an advance. The campaign was begun on

November 7, 1863, the 3rd, 5th and 6th Corps being utilized. The 3rd Corps was directed to Kelly's Ford, and the 5th and 6th to Rappahannock Station. The 5th Corps reached a point near its destination shortly after the noon hour. Delay ensued until 3 P. M., when we advanced into a plain which extended for a mile towards the river; its breadth was nearly 900 yards. There was an abrupt elevation or mound near the river surmounted by a fort and other defences. A pontoon bridge made communication easy with the west bank, and a large force there of the Confederates. The plain was bounded on both sides by woods. The 5th Corps made a demonstration in the field, with I do not know how many men, but I have a very clear recollection of the fact that our brigade was in the van. The 22nd Massachusetts was in line of battle, the correct method of facing the artillery, which began to oppose us. It was placed so high that its plane of fire did not sweep the field. We could only be

struck when at or near the points where the shells came in contact with the earth, at an angle of about 20 degrees. We moved steadily on, the shells would strike in front and in our rear, but only seven of our number were wounded.

We were soon ordered to face about and wheeled to the right, in excellent alignment, and were soon protected by the woods. The 18th Massachusetts advanced in column by company, and was a deeper and better target and suffered much more severely. The compact formation gives better control over inexperienced troops, but is unwise against artillery. One cannon ball may then cut down a dozen men. A battalion if deployed can, when near the enemy, maintain a musketry fire and still go forward. The 18th Massachusetts was capable of maintaining any formation in action. I believe Colonel Hayes was not in command of it during this engagement. Lieut.-Colonel Sherwin was in charge of the 22nd Massachusetts.

The 6th Corps advanced through the woods, and effected lodgment very near the front, and at dark carried it by storm. Those who endeavored to cross the pontoon bridge were nearly all intercepted. The prisoners numbered sixteen hundred, and at Kelly's Ford the 3rd Corps was fortunate also, and took three hundred of the foe.

In this movement Meade clearly outgeneraled Lee, who quickly fell back beyond the Rapidan. We were informed by the colored people of the vicinity during the following winter, that the Confederates were completely deceived by the cavalry that covered our operations. They were not enlightened until our infantry was upon them.

CHAPTER VI.

Mine Run Campaign.—Raid on train.—Lee's defences.—Trembling for fear we would not attack.—James Richardson, his pride and courage.—General Lee's remark.—Lieut. Robert Davis.—Picket.—Chaplains.—Baxter's remarks.—Importance and abuses of religious branch of service.—Freeman.—Black Sam.—Tragedy at Fants's.—Officers of 2nd Regulars.—Maryland.—The Cavalry vidette ambushed.—Assailant killed.—Sentence of death revoked by General Griffin.—What did the President say?—Confederates merciless to deserters.

The Mine Run Campaign was entered upon November 24th, 1863, but a very severe storm soon rendered the roads impassable, and we were compelled to halt and make a new temporary camp. The movement was resumed upon the 26th, and we crossed the Rapidan at Culpepper Ford. The brigade was followed on the 27th, by an ordnance and baggage train of about thirty teams, and at 11 A. M., we passed a country road which intersected our route at right angles.

Suddenly we heard a lively fusilade in our rear, and we hastened to the spot; a detachment of rebel cavalry had made a raid upon the centre of the train. Several wagons had been headed up the road. We pursued and the captured teams were abandoned, but first set on fire. The cartridges made a lively racket and we could not save any of them. The old joke about the coward who boasted that during a great battle he was where bullets were thickest, under an ordnance wagon, came to our minds. The scamp would have found it hot enough under these volcanoes.

General Meade was very angry at this mishap, and censured General Bartlett severely. A line of flankers was put out to protect the trains. This was composed of men in single or Indian file, five paces apart, marching about three hundred yards from the main column, on the side exposed to the enemy. If assailed their duty was to face the enemy and fight as skirmishers, giving opportunity for the main force to

form and come to their aid. General Bartlett assumed that the cavalry had videttes upon the side roads.

Early on the 29th, we confronted Lee's army at Mine Run. It occupied a wooded ridge parallel to that held by us. His position was elaborately fortified; trees had been felled, with the tops towards us, and trimmed, forming an almost impenetrable abattis. The stream in the intervening valley in his front was narrow, but about four feet deep, with a steep bank on his side. The water was icy cold and it seemed to us that all who forded it and were subsequently wounded would soon freeze.

It was believed by the corps that a direct attack would be repulsed. The remark was current that General Lee was trembling for fear we would not attempt to storm his position.

General Warren with the 2nd Corps was endeavoring to turn the enemy's flank from our left and we were to co-operate with him, when ordered. At 2.30 P. M., company com-

manders were summoned to Lieut.-Colonel Sherwin, who stated that we would advance upon the Confederates in our front, when a signal gun was discharged, at 4 P. M. He ordered that blankets, haversacks and overcoats should be carefully piled by every company, and one man detached by each commander, as guard to protect his company's baggage and rations.

As I returned to my company, E, my original assignment, having been transferred from I, after the action of the 7th, when Captain Tucker, of E, was wounded, I resolved to leave for guard some very deserving man, and so informed Orderly Sergeant Wenzel, and after a brief conference we selected James Richardson, who had been twice wounded, and had a wife and four children in Roxbury, Mass. We were busy some moments in various preparations incidental to the attack, but my attention was soon attracted by Richardson, who was pacing a beat at support arms before his station. His whole bearing evidenced dis-

comfiture and chagrin. I looked along the line and saw the reason. My colleagues with but one exception had adopted a theory contrary to mine, and chosen men who were servants or weaklings of some description. Our battalion was small, and its members knew each other in a general way. I went to Richardson, he saluted me formally but was seemingly offended. I explained our reasons for detailing him. His countenance brightened, and he rose to the occasion, saying that under the circumstances he was obliged for the consideration shown him, as his life was of value to his family, but that he would rather go forward and perish than be classed as inefficient in a desperate charge. He added that if the assault was made those who remained would be few, and would find him at his post dead or alive.

There were true men in those days, and let us rejoice in the belief that the country will alway possess them in goodly numbers when needed.

The assault was not made. General Warren found the Confederates impregnably entrenched, and would not take the responsibility of ordering a front attack.

We moved a mile to the right and were massed in the woods all night. The weather became much colder, was supposed to be at temperature of zero. We were not allowed to have fires, and did not have space for exercise. The suffering from cold was very severe.

It was the intention to attack in the morning from this position, but Lee's line developed great strength, the result of persistent labor by his army. Offensive action was abandoned and retreat decided upon by General Meade. On December 1st, we were quietly in motion at 6 P. M., leaving a picket line to be withdrawn several hours after. The teams had preceded us, and we were warned that the rations in haversacks must last until December 4th. Very few had more than one full day's food on hand.

We crossed the Rapidan at Germania

Ford on the morning of December 2nd, at 4 o'clock. The movement was executed in a skilful manner, and was a great surprise to the Confederates. Lieut.-Colonel Venable, of Lee's staff, states in "Battles and Leaders," Vol. 4, Page 240, that when General Lee was informed that Meade had recrossed the Rapidan, he exclaimed:

"I am too old to command this army; we should have never permitted these people to get away."

We were in Lee's front for four days. He did not attack us, but expected to fight a defensive battle in a very strong position, or catch us on the fords with our army divided. An outcry went up from the country against Meade, but he was upheld by the judgment of the army, and eventually by the public. We could have lost from ten to fifteen thousand men without any compensation. The weather was so cold that the severely wounded would have perished before they could have been moved. It was considered in the army that dur-

ing the months of October and November, Meade had accomplished much with slight loss.

Rations were not issued until the 3rd of December, and most of the infantry fasted for twenty-four hours. This included the company officers. The battery boys had facilities for carrying food on their caissons, and divided with their friends, but of course the great body of the troops could only tighten their belts and move on.

We camped at Beverly Ford on the 4th, and prepared for the winter. I now received my commission as captain; it was dated August 27th, 1863. I had been first lieutenant since December, 1862. I was as captain assigned permanently to Company K, and appointed Andrew Wilson, orderly sergeant. My cabin faced the end of the street of my company, and was ten yards from it. My quarters were shared by 1st Lieut. Marcus M. Davis, commanding Company D, and the association was very pleasant for me. He was a very brave and con-

scientous officer, frank and courteous in manner and refined in thought and language. His brother, Benjamin Davis, was Captain of Company G. Both were privates in Company K, of the 5th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in the three months campaign, and enlisted in Company B, of the 22nd. Benjamin, who was the elder, was appointed a sergeant, and Marcus a corporal. They more than deserved the commissions they received. Robert Davis, another brother, was in the 2nd Regular Infantry, having joined it before the war, and had risen from the ranks to a first lieutenantcy. His brilliant record, fine presence and intelligence gave him prestige above his official rank. Through him we became familiar with the conditions existing among the regulars. He said that at this time the company officers in our regiment averaged higher in general information and intellectual force than did those of his regiment. The regulars suffered from the selection of many of the ablest of

their officers, for high rank in the volunteers. Other reasons were also influential in affecting the status of the company commissioned officers of the regular army. I do not hesitate to say that in December, 1863, the commissioned officers who were on duty with their companies in our regiment were of an excellent grade of ability. They were devoted to duty and determined as a class, to rebuke factional spirit, and to deserve the respect, both of superiors and subordinates. They were, with but one exception, originally enlisted men in the regiment.

We furnished large details for the picket line, protecting the camps and the railroad; about one-fourth of our number were constantly on that duty until the campaign of 1864 opened. The detail was for a period of three days and a march of two miles was unavoidable before we could reach our main station or reserve near Freeman's house. The men would then go on duty, two thirds of the detachment would remain at the

station or bivouac as a reserve, and the remaining third go on post for two hours, and would then be relieved and rest at the station for four hours. The 5th Corps was not given much repose this winter, but was kept in good form by the practical work which was assigned it.

The company commanders one Sunday forenoon in December, were summoned to headquarters and addressed by Lieut.-Colonel Sherwin, who had been in command of the regiment for some months, while Colonel Tilton was in charge of the brigade. Lieut.-Colonel Sherwin alluded to the fact that the chaplaincy of the regiment had been vacant since the spring of 1862, nearly two years. He added that Senator Wilson desired the approval of the selection of his pastor for our chaplain.

The abuses and scandals that had arisen in connection with this branch of the service had become so notorious that the War Department had issued an order that no new chaplain should be mustered in or paid

unless his appointment had been approved by the company commanders of the regiment in which he wished to serve. The custom had been to commission, very often, those who had no standing in religious circles at home, and who had been, in many cases, ordained to the ministry for the purpose of being eligible to the coveted positions. This mercenary element would remain with the army in winter quarters, and discharge their nominal duties in a perfunctory way. But when the fighting commenced and they could render inestimable services in caring for the wounded in numberless ways, they would resign, almost *en masse*. There were notable exceptions to this rule, and those who were faithful are remembered with profound respect and gratitude by those to whom they ministered and by the veterans who knew them. At least seventy-five per cent. of the chaplains commissioned during the first year of the war were practically unfit for their work.

The Christian Church neglected, at this

crisis a great opportunity to gain the affection of the young men of the nation. Those at the front were positive and aggressive in their convictions, and wielded a vast influence, during the war, at home. They could have been made witnesses for the result of earnest Christian work by chaplains, and given the Church prestige and leadership among elements where it has been feeble. The Christian commission was very active, but in a circumscribed field.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwin had the respect and affection of the company officers. He said that Rev. C. M. Tyler, the candidate presented by Senator Wilson, was very eloquent and able, and that his motives were patriotic. He earnestly favored the endorsement of the senator's protege. Much to my surprise, Captain J. H. Baxter, formerly sergeant in Company G, and who was a man of deep feeling but usually reticent, replied very happily, expressing the general sentiment. He said that our con-

test was largely financial, and that, while risking our lives and willing to die for the cause (as he did, June 3, 1864,) we disliked to see the resources of the country wasted. But that if a chaplain was zealous and able, and would stay during the active campaigns, he could be very helpful. He also said that if the applicant would join with that pledge of constancy, he would cheerfully concur in the call.

The new chaplain was very companionable, and finely equipped mentally. He was waited upon by the company officers, and made welcome and assured of their co-operation. He contributed much to the social and religious life of the regiment during the winter, and was a wise and kindly adviser to those who sought his counsel. He followed the army across the Rapidan and remained with it during the principal portion of the campaign, until his health ailed. He stayed at the division hospital and was very efficient there.

There were chaplains who would remain

with their regiments as closely as the surgeons, and would keep as near the firing line, and in camp or bivouac were in touch with the troops and deep in their affections. The 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers and 4th and 16th Michigan were favored with religious advisers of this stamp.

The relations of the church to the army, so far as the service rendered by chaplains is concerned, have not, to my knowledge, been discussed for the information of the public, although the topic of free comment among veterans. The truth should be known, and adequate remedies applied where needed. The duties assigned chaplains should be clearly defined, and faithful performance of them exacted. Every effort should be made to preserve and elevate the moral tone of the army, and those who have deep religious convictions should have the consolation and aid that can be imparted by clergymen whose ability and worth command respect. The sick and wounded require services that ordinary attendants

cannot often give. A chaplain can write letters for the unfortunate, and, in case of death, can communicate the sad news in a proper manner to the relatives of the deceased. He can also take charge of the effects of the dead and transmit them to those entitled to receive them. A chaplain who takes part in personal quarrels, or abandons his charge on trivial pretexts, should be dismissed from the service. He should be loyal to the government and to his regiment. He should be willing to take the same risks under fire as a surgeon. Undue susceptibility to "cannon fever" ought to be regarded as a disqualification.

When it became my turn to take a tour of duty for three days, upon the picket line, I found the situation quite interesting. Our reserve was in the woods near Freeman's. The weather was intensely cold, but by building fires in front of our shelter-tents, and sleeping fully clothed and using many blankets, we were comfortable. The commissioned officers in charge of the line were

obliged to be very vigilant and respond to every alarm. We generally inspected the outposts every night and found the men alert; our veterans were very wary and did not underrate the wily foe.

Mr. Freeman and his wife were quite old and feeble. She was a gentle and cultured woman and was very much her husband's superior. He had very little general information. He simply knew that he was a true Virginian. He remarked to me, that if he were where he could not see the Blue Ridge he would die. It loomed up in the distance grandly, and his appreciation of its beauty elevated him in our opinion. His passionate love of the soil was unmistakable. Two grown children, a son and daughter, all they had, were absent. The daughter had been passed through our lines to relatives further south, and Mrs. Freeman was very grateful for the kindness shown by our officers in the matter.

A negro, intensely black, named Sam, remained with them. He was very industri-

ous and attentive to the family. He was bitter in his allusions to Freeman, and showed a plank by a cabin fire which had been his bed for years. He was devoted, however, to Mrs. Freeman and her daughter, and boasted extravagantly of their superior gentility. When asked why he remained, he said that they would starve if he abandoned them, and that he made a little crop and cared for the stock and did the chores. It was evident that he was attached to the family as a whole, and had some latent regard even for Freeman.

There was, on the premises, a cabin occupied by a mulatto family which at one time was held in slavery by a brother of Mrs. Freeman. An old man, who was a member of it, related to me very graphically an incident that happened during the summer of 1862. The Fants's homestead was very near the Freeman place. The family was aristocratic and refined. The ladies only remained at home, the men being in the Confederate army. A regiment

of New York cavalry, at the time referred to, was located in the vicinity to guard the fords. The officers were courteously entertained by the family, and the civilities were reciprocated in practical ways. The Fants's property was protected; even the fences were spared. The widow Lee also resided in the neighborhood; her son was like the Fants's, in the service of the enemy. My informant said that on one forenoon he met, near Freeman's, about one dozen rebel cavalry, headed by Lee, whom he had known from infancy. He beckoned for them to stop, which they did. Lee said, "Henry, what do you want?" The reply was, "Where are you going?" Lee answered, "To Fants's." Henry then informed him that the Yankees were there, and advised him to return across the river as quickly as possible. Lee declared that he would go where he had intended, and that the Yankees must look out. Leaving his men secreted, Lee rode boldly to the Fants residence and, throwing the reins over a fence-post, en-

tered the house suddenly, revolver in hand. A lieutenant of the New Yorkers was in the parlor conversing with Mrs. Fants and daughters. Lee covered him with his weapon, and told him to surrender. The lieutenant remarked calmly that he was surprised, and quickly pulled a pistol from his boot and fired, killing Lee, and ran from the house. He threw himself upon Lee's horse and galloped at headlong speed towards his regiment, a detachment of which was, as customary when on picket duty, ready to move at an instant's warning. It saw the Lieutenant approaching, and that he was bare-headed, and hastened to meet him, and pushing on, captured or killed nearly all of Lee's band. The colonel of the regiment told Mrs. Fants that the family was blameless, and that Lee had shown her very little consideration. He said that if his lieutenant had been injured or captured, that collusion would have been taken for granted and her property destroyed. The offense would have been re-

garded as aggravated by ingratitude, as the protection and aid furnished had been liberal and opportune.

I do not believe that the southern women, who, as a class, were bitterly opposed to us, were guilty, ever, of inveigling Union officers and men into the acceptance of hospitality, with their capture in view. But they were in some instances compromised by reckless men like young Lee. The inhabitants within the Union lines were, during this winter, furnished rations when needed, by the government. I believe some form of oath was required, but enough would take it to supply those who declined, with food. The distance from Alexandria to Culpepper was over sixty miles; so the government had many dependent upon it. This policy was undoubtedly wise and beneficent.

During the winter an event occurred affecting the 2nd Regular Infantry that created much excitement throughout the 5th Corps. This battalion was in the 2nd Division of that organization, and was on our left

towards Alexandria. The officers of this noble regiment had become familiar with their environment, and some of them formed the habit of venturing beyond the picket line, and made some pleasant acquaintances. In February, 1864, a party of about six was quietly made up to visit an estimable family where they were on good footing. When near the home of their friends they were ambushed. Lieut. McKee was killed, others were wounded, and two or three escaped unscathed. A force was sent to the neighborhood to search it. It was discovered that McKee's body had been brought to the residence of his friends and laid out. They had caused their servants to give it this care, and were in deep distress. The assailants had stripped the remains, taking even the underclothing. Lieut. McKee was a handsome man, and finely dressed for the occasion, and had a watch and also considerable money. He was buried with military honors, the others were court-martialed for going beyond the picket.

A month later a cavalry vidette was shot at from covert and wounded badly. He was self-possessed and brave and feigned death, quickly, however, cocking his revolver. The assailant, eager for plunder and desiring to avoid further noise, rushed forward to rob his victim who fired at the right instant and killed him. The shots were heard and aid was soon at hand. The would-be assassin had on his person, clothing and other property belonging to Lieut. McKee, and was recognized as a frequenter of the camps of the division. Scoundrels of this type were simply murderers and would not fight in the ranks for any cause.

I was detailed in January, for duty on a General Court-martial, of which Colonel Gwynne, of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was President. At one of the sessions he remarked that he had just received an order transmitted through the regular channels from the War Department. It directed him to send a certain private of his regiment who had been sentenced to be shot for deser-

tion, to Washington. His sentence it was stated had been commuted to confinement at the Dry Tortugas. The colonel replied that the man had been released while on the march to Gettysburg by General Charles Griffin, in command of the division, and restored to duty in the ranks, and had served with great bravery ever since. I recollected seeing the ambulance containing the prisoner escorted by a detail from the Provost Guard on June 16th, 1863, while the division was going into position to deliver battle near Manassas, Va., if it should be necessary. General Griffin had a kind heart disguised by a brusque and sarcastic manner when he chose to assume it, and probably knew something about the case favorable to the prisoner. He disliked heartily the presence of useless vehicles near the front. The ambulance conveying the prisoner was with the troops and in the way.

It seems the general demanded why it was there, and was informed by the guard, that it was occupied by a prisoner whose ex-

ecution should have taken place as ordered several days before. Continuing his investigation he asked the reason why the order was not obeyed. The explanation was given that the army was in motion, and detailed orders had not been received from corps headquarters. The general then said, "Bring him out," and was quickly obeyed. He then remarked to the prisoner: "You are a fine looking fellow," and said to those near him, that it was a shame for us to shoot each other when the rebels were so willing to save us the trouble. He then asked the man if he would serve faithfully if sent back to his regiment. He promised fervently to do so. The general then admonished him to be true to his pledge. He then ordered the captain of the guard to deliver the now fortunate man to the colonel of his regiment with instructions to put him on duty, giving the general as his authority. The President alone had the right to pardon the offender or commute the sentence. What President Lincoln said

must have been interesting. It was not supposed that he was seriously displeased. If General Griffin was censured his standing was not affected. He was a West Pointer with the breezy ways of a western volunteer. The soldier whom he pardoned was, of course, undisturbed.

President Lincoln was loath to sanction executions for desertion, and would commute sentences unless when it was absolutely necessary to preserve discipline and check bounty jumpers. The Confederate government was understood to be merciless towards deserters, who were mostly conscripts, torn from their homes. If General Griffin had been in the Confederate service, and had interfered with the prerogatives of Jefferson Davis, he would have had grave trouble. That leader was of a narrow type in many respects. His jealous disposition demanded subserviency, and elevated many unfit men to important commands relegating to the rear commanders like Generals Joe Johnston and Beauregard.

CHAPTER VII.

Outlook for 1864.—General Grant in command.—Defensive Campaign of Confederates.—Possibilities of its success.—Exhaustion and division in the North.—Gettysburg not decisive.—European sentiment.—Ulysses or Useless.—Condition of Union Army.—Cavalry.—Artillery.—Infantry.—Confederate Army.—Infantry superb.—Simplicity of Tactics.—Wilderness.—May 5th and 6th.—Lamos and Gilligan.—Grant and Meade when informed of break in 6th Corps.—Grant's decision to persist the turning point.—Fight of Picket detail.—Flag of Alabama regiment captured.—"Never mind, I suppose you had to do it."—Death of Captain Davis.

The outlook for the Union arms during the approaching campaign, was exhaustively discussed by the troops, during the winter of 1863–4. The appointment of General U. S. Grant to the command of all the armies with almost unrestricted authority, gave general satisfaction, especially when it was known that he intended to identify his fortunes with those of the Army of the Potomac. It was believed that undue consider-

ation would not be given to the safety of the National Capitol.

The various plans for the capture of Richmond, and the annihilation of the power of the Confederates in Virginia, were diligently canvassed. But the opinion that Lee's army should be the objective point was accepted by the majority. It was realized that in the past we had not made substantial progress, in the conquest of Eastern Virginia. The campaigns of Antietam and Gettysburg were decisive only as proving that the foe could not invade the North successfully, but did not demonstrate that they could not wage a defensive war in Virginia, that would exhaust our resources. If the Confederate government had adopted a purely defensive policy in the east, so far as military operations were concerned, retaining with their colors the men lost in the two campaigns of Antietam and Gettysburg, the result of the war might have been different.

The people of the North were not united,

at least forty per cent. favored great concessions to secure peace, and very many actually sympathized with the enemy, and hampered the prosecution of the war in various ways, that were very effective.

The national credit was at a low ebb, our bonds in London and Paris ranked with those of the Confederacy. In Germany, however, we received a strong moral and financial support that was of great value. France was committed in Mexico to a project which was threatened by the success of the Union, and was eager to join with Great Britain in formal recognition of the independance of the Confederacy. The European situation was understood in the South and gave much encouragement to the Confederates, and grave anxiety to the leaders of our government.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, the disbursements from the national treasury were $582,000,000, in excess of the receipts from the ordinary taxes, custom and internal revenue. Besides this the

local burdens assumed by states and municipalties in aid of the cause were very onerous. Offensive warfare cannot be waged without immense expenditures, and our financial condition was such that early success in the field seemed indispensably necessary for our cause. There existed in our army a high degree of intelligence, relative to the political and military situation. It was kept by the mail in close touch with home opinions and military movements in other sections. By personal observation we were familiar with the difficulties confronting us south of the Rapidan.

General U. S. Grant joined the Army of the Potomac, March 10th, 1864, and it was announced that General Meade would remain in immediate command under the general direction of Grant. No review was ordered, but actual preparations for the death grapple with Lee were in evidence. It was believed that the army would be directed effectively, and as a unit, and that

its energies as a fighting organization would be fully utilized. A hopeful spirit prevailed, but it was not demonstrative. The fact that General Grant was simple and unaffected in his manners and easily accessible was gratifying. It indicated cool judgment and mental equipoise, and augmented the confidence of the thoughtful. He was very reticent, no glowing forecasts emanated from him. I heard an officer remark that he was pleased with the methods of Grant, but events would soon decide whether his name was Ulysses or Useless.

The 1st and 5th Corps were now consolidated and known as the 5th Corps, and the command given to General G. K. Warren. This was regarded as wise, as he had shown great ability at Gettysburg, Bristow and Mine Run, but we regretted to lose General Sykes, who if not brilliant, was vigilant and brave. General Warren during the summer of 1864, seemed overburdened by the responsibilities of his position. His personal activity was remarkable, he

endeavored to inspect the lines where conditions were serious, and exposed himself unsparingly. His great services and noble character will always be revered by the students of our military history, and I hope by the people at large.

The Army of the Potomac was at this time very strong in its cavalry and artillery, led respectively by Generals Sheridan and Hunt, both unexcelled in their spheres. The field artillery, about ten six-gun batteries to each corps, was mainly of smooth bore brass pieces, which at a range of four hundred yards or less were quite accurate. At close quarters they were much better adapted for grape and canister than rifled field guns.

Service in the artillery was not so exacting as in the infantry; the men could generally ride, and also have their rations and clothing carried upon the caissons. The care of horses was quite a task, but was more than compensated for by exemption from picket duty. The complement of men

prescribed by the regulations was necessary to work the guns in action, and if recruits were not received men were transferred from the infantry. Our artillery was as a whole superior to that of Lee's army, although some of his batteries were very fine. The Union artillery inherited the traditions of the regular army, in which it had been raised to an unsurpassed standard of efficiency. The Confederates had excellent field pieces and ammunition. Their inferiority was in skill and persistency when opposed gun for gun to our batteries.

Our infantry was far from uniform in its composition. The old battalions were superb, even when they included as high a proportion of recruits and conscripts as one-fourth. But there were too many new regiments with inexperienced officers, and when in battle if they faltered or gave way, they would expose staunch battalions to flank attacks. As a whole our infantry was not in average merit equal to that under General Hooker in the Chancellorsville campaign.

The two years men had been mustered out, and the great losses at Gettysburg had occurred among our best troops. The 11th and 12th Corps had been transferred to the West, where they had been formed into the 20th Corps, and nobly represented the Army of the Potomac at Lookout Mountain and in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. The inflexible resolution of the veteran organizations was a great factor in the relentless warfare upon which we were about to enter. "Stern to inflict and stubborn to endure," they wished for a decisive campaign.

The infantry of the regular army had been sadly diminished in the campaigns of 1862. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th and 10th Regiments suffered heavily at Gaines Mills, and of these battalions the 2nd Infantry now remained with the army under Meade. It was associated with other regular infantry battalions raised since the war.

In St. Louis I became acquainted with a man named John Will, a sturdy German, who was conservative and reliable in his state-

ments. He served in the 2nd Regular Infantry, before and during the war, and stated that when the rebellion began, the commanding officer had the regiment which was then in the West paraded, and he then invited all who were not heartily for the Union to ask for their honorable discharge from the service. Will said he had a chum from the South, who remained steadfast, but said privately that he was much disturbed by the situation, as he sympathized somewhat with his section. He added that the regiment was his home, and that he could not decide to abandon it. In the first engagement he kept his place in the ranks faithfully, but did not fire, and when censured, said that he could not at the time overcome his innate aversion to firing upon men from his former home. He also stated that he was now convinced that they were in the wrong, and that as many of his comrades had fallen, he would henceforth fight earnestly for the cause and the honor of the regiment. He kept his promise faithfully.

Lieut. Robert Davis of the 2nd Regular Infantry, said that when on the plains before the war, the enlisted men of that regiment would look forward eagerly to the date of their discharge, and take formal leave of their friends, but generally found that the world was changed, that old friends were gone or had become indifferent, and saddened by disappointment they would in most instances return to their colors within the time limit. This gave them the privilege of re-enlisting with increased pay. Soldiers of this type would fight fiercely for the reputation of their organizations even when the day was lost. This sentiment characterized the veteran and volunteer battalions, their service had been compparatively brief, but very eventful, and attachments to leaders and comrades became fervent.

The regular army was without local origin or support, and those of its membership in the civil war are entitled to the commendations of all citizens of the Union.

Great Britain now raises its regular forces by shires or counties, thus giving them moral support and home recognition of great utility.

The army of Northern Virginia was inferior in numbers to that of the Potomac, but was led by General Lee with remarkable energy and consummate skill. The commissioned officers in the Confederate army were animated by the aristocratic spirit that was inseparable from the institution of slavery. As a class they fought not only for independence but for the privileges of their caste. Their leadership was at all times unreserved in its devotion, and in battle was indomitable and intelligent, seizing quickly every favorable chance to gain an advantage for the Confederate cause.

The Southern cavalry was outnumbered by ours, but was excellent and very ably commanded by experienced officers. The infantry was superb and of uniform merit, and never failed to do all that was possible

for human effort to accomplish. It was not better than our seasoned battalions, but their lines had no weak points. This imparted confidence and stability to their formation when under fire. Their battalions were very well trained; the facility with which they would form a solid line of battle when emerging from dense woods was surprising to us.

Their tactics were very simple and practical. To form a line of battle in two ranks, and keep the formation fairly well while marching, is an art that can only be acquired by constant practice. But when a regiment has been thoroughly trained and has become proficient in the movement it easily retains its aptitude, and executes the evolution seemingly without effort. The men then keep the proper step and touch, as if guided by an instinctive impulse.

Early in April the 22nd Massachusetts Volunteers, 2nd Massachusetts sharpshooters attached, were transferred from the 1st to the 2nd Brigade, 1st Divison, 5th Corps.

The 2nd Brigade then consisted of the 9th, 22nd and 32nd Massachusetts Volunteers, 4th Michigan Volunteers and 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers. Colonel W. S. Tilton, who had been in command of the 1st Brigade for several months, now rejoined the regiment.

Upon May 1st, 1864, the campaign commenced, and we left our camp and bivouacked four miles beyond Rappahannock Station. Late on the afternoon of the 3rd, we moved to Culpepper, six miles distant, and halted until 1 A. M., on the 4th. We then resumed our course reaching Germania Ford at 8 A. M., and then crossed the Rapidan upon a pontoon bridge, and stopped an hour for breakfast. The column then proceeded by the Germania plank road to its junction with the Orange Turnpike, and thence deflecting to the right to Lacy's house, arrived there at 3 P. M. This march from Culpepper was for twenty-one miles, and as several hours were in the night, and no straggling was permitted, it was very

creditable to the Corps. It was prepared to deliver battle at any moment after leaving the ford.

The headquarters of the army were at Lacy's; the weather was delightful and after arms were stacked I strolled into the field and viewed the busy scene near headquarters. Serene peace prevailed, the enemy had not been heard from, our advance had been so sudden that it was undisputed that day. It was difficult to realize that we were on the verge of the most sanguinary series of conflicts in our history. We were confident that we would be able to interpose between Lee and Richmond, and intercept his communications and fight on the defensive with portions of our army alternately, and steadily approach that city and occupy it and then take the offensive. Considerable time was required to bring our trains over the fords, and to mass the 9th Corps which had been stationed temporarily along the railroad.

If General Lee had hesitated for twenty-

four hours he would have been placed at great disadvantage. But when our movements were known, he put his columns in motion to strike us in the flank, before we could go into position. The location was well adapted for the success of his infantry, as it was nearly covered with dense woods and thickets, and his officers knew every road and path.

On May 5th, we were very quiet until 10 A. M.; other portions of the corps may have been moved very early. It was announced that our cavalry reported that Lee was advancing with his infantry, evidently with the intention of attacking us. We took arms and moved quickly forward, and to the right, and the brigade was ordered to entrench with logs and earth. The pioneer detail of the regiment, about twenty men, had axes, shovels and hatchets.

The orderly sergeant of my company, Andrew Wilson, objected, saying that he did not believe in cover, and that we should fight without it, relying upon our fire to

protect us, and cited Gettysburg as an example to be followed. I was obliged to speak sharply to him enjoining obedience. Sergeant Wilson was twenty years of age, small in stature, being 5 feet 4 inches only in height, and of slight build, about 110 pounds in weight. His hair was dark, and when excited his countenance glowed with energy. His bearing then was the personification of recklessness and determination, he seemed to exult in the risks of battle and inspired others with the same spirit. He was very proud of his promotion and was eager to distinguish himself. I appreciated his nobility of character, and loved him as a brother.

When we had completed our breastwork the division was ordered to the right, crossing the Orange Turnpike with a portion of its column, which included the 22nd Massachusetts. We halted near the road for a few moments. The skirmishers who were unhurt and those who were only slightly wounded came in, Elbridge Perry was killed

and Charles Lamos wounded; both were of my company. Lamos was assisted to the rear of the regiment. Hugh Gilligan, his chum, spoke to him very kindly; both were boys not over twenty-one years old. He asked Lamos if he had any money. He replied that he had sent all he had to his widowed mother. Gilligan then remarked that he would find it useful even in a hospital, and taking a goodly roll from his pocket gave his friend thirty dollars. He had over two hundred dollars remaining, and it was supposed that his funds were the outcome of efforts that were made by benighted members of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers to teach our guileless comrade the mysteries of the game of poker. This incident illustrates the fraternal spirit that existed among comrades at the front. Hugh Gilligan was a fine soldier and I shall have occasion to mention him again.

We soon pushed forward to the edge of a field. Our colors were displayed on the turnpike, and the action was very sharp for half

an hour. Two men were killed and the same number wounded in my company, K.

On May 6th we were in position all day on the left of the turnpike, under a heavy fire, expecting to be hotly engaged at any moment. Shortly before sunset, heavy musketry firing was heard on our right, on the line of the 6th Corps. It gradually receded towards our rear, and it was apparent that some misfortune had happened. We were intensely interested, and awaited orders impatiently. Lieut. Bourne voiced the general sentiment when he said to me:—

"We will stop them, or die!"

Shaler's brigade had yielded to a sudden flank attack, and the security of the trains was menaced. We faced to the right and pushed steadily towards the gap or break. At least one-half of the 5th Corps was in the movement and forced its way through disorganized masses towards the scene of the conflict. The assailants were disordered by their success, and before they could prepare to profit by it were driven

back, chiefly by the 6th Corps. The promptness and solidity with which the 5th Corps came to the support of those closely engaged in the restoration of our line, was however an important factor.

Captain George H. Teague, formerly of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, resided in St. Louis, in 1868, where I fortunately made his acquaintance. He informed me that during the campaign of 1864, he was with his company on duty at army headquarters, and that on May 6th he was with the 6th Corps when its line was broken as described. He understood the gravity of the situation and rode at full speed to headquarters. Generals Grant and Meade were standing in front of the adjutant-general's tent listening to the firing; its location was at this point not clearly perceptible. Without dismounting, the captain saluted and said that the 6th Corps's line was broken. General Meade replied with heat, denying it. The captain then said:—

"General, I saw it!"

General Meade regained his self-possession, and courteously begged pardon and asked for details. General Grant heard the conversation, but was impassive. Both commanders immediately mounted, and staff-officers were soon hurrying with instructions that repaired the mischief.

During the 7th, our position was changed slightly, and we were behind intrenchments. The rebels were similarly protected, two hundred yards in our front. An attack was made upon our division early in the morning, and was repulsed, with heavy loss inflicted by our artillery, for which a good position had been found for the first time in this campaign.

General Grant had failed in the attempt to flank Lee, who had also been baffled, as he expected to defeat us in the Wilderness, the labyrinths of which were adapted by nature for the successful manœuvring of his infantry. It is possible that criticisms made relative to General Lee's disposition of his army prior to our crossing may be en-

titled to some consideration, and that he might have been able to first assail us on the 4th of May instead of the 5th. He could not foresee that General Grant would abandon the railroad and attack from his left flank, relying upon the water-courses for his supplies. The conception of assailing us in the Wilderness, before we were ready to advance, and where cavalry and artillery were at disadvantage, was brilliant and justified by the character of his infantry. I saw, during the day, a line of skirmishers from the regulars advance under Captain H. W. Keys, formerly Major of the 5th Mass. Vol. Militia, in the three months service. I had not seen him since then. His complexion was clear, and his radiant countenance and gallant bearing very noticeable. He very unwisely wore a dress-coat and sash. He lost his life within a week.

Towards evening, the defiant cries of the Confederates in our front awoke the echoes, and our men responded with ringing cheers; both sides wished to be attacked.

The indecisive conflicts since our arrival in the Wilderness seemed to have intensified the zeal of the combatants, and all were hopeful of ultimate success. The losses had been very grave; but the burning of the wounded of the 2nd Corps, by the ignition of the woods, made a profound sensation throughout the army.

Some phases of war make Sherman's definition of it almost a libel upon the infernal regions.

At dusk, a detail for picket duty of nearly one hundred men was made from our regiment, and commanded by Captain Field, assisted by Captain Ben. Davis, Lieutenants Bourne, Ackerman, and by me. Our posts were very near those of the enemy, but there was no collision. At 4 A. M. on the 8th, we were called in, and found that our division had gone. We could only surmise its destination, but feared that it was across the Rapidan.

The picket from the division was commanded by a field-officer of the 118th Penn-

sylvania; Major O'Neil, I believe, was the name. We followed the 3rd, or Crawford's Division, of our Corps, expecting to soon rejoin our respective battalions. The rising sun gave us our bearings, and murmurs of approval swept along our column as we saw our course was southerly.

General Hooker declared, before the Chancellorsville campaign, that he would fight as long as a battalion would hold together, yet he withdrew, having failed to use effectively a large portion of his fine army. Grant and Meade had placed on the firing-line all troops at their disposal, and we feared that retreat would be the result of our dire and inconclusive struggle. The determination of General Grant to persevere was, I believe, the most important act in his career, as the result of the war depended upon his wisdom at this crisis. If he had retreated, there can be but little doubt that Johnston would have been strengthened sufficiently to have baffled General Sherman, and the concerted movement to crush

the Confederacy would have practically collapsed. This would probably have given political supremacy to the element which believed the war to be a failure, and defeated the re-election of President Lincoln.

No special effort was made to return the picket detail to our division, and we believed that General Crawford did not regard our separation from our colors as of much importance. This was exasperating, and stimulated our pride.

Our march was interrupted by frequent stops and continued until 1 P. M., when we halted on elevated ground, in the woods, and stacked arms. Soon after 4 P. M., signs of a movement were evident. The Pennsylvania Reserves, comprising Crawford's Division, were in motion, and formed line for an advance. These gallant troops presented an imposing spectacle. They were alert and almost noiseless in their manœuvres. Orders were given in low tones, and it seemed to be the purpose to surprise the enemy, if possible.

The picket detail, or provisional battalion, was formed in line of battle, in the rear of Crawford's men. Despite the ominous preparations, the situation, so far as we were concerned, provoked some witticisms among us. The last line is usually supposed to be of the best material, and capable of retrieving any misfortune that may befall those in advance. It was not to be seriously supposed that the 3rd Division derived much moral support from our presence. General Crawford, probably, did not know how to otherwise dispose of us, and undoubtedly considered that while following two hundred yards in the rear of his line, we might serve as a provost guard. We could then aid the wounded also, and be useful in various ways without taking a very serious part in the engagement.

We descended into a narrow, grassy field or valley, and halted at the border of the woods on the opposite side. The officers spoke to their men earnestly; we exhorted them to fight desperately for the cause, and

the honor of the division and the regiment. They did not need much talk of this kind, and were ready and willing to do their best. The order, "Forward!" was soon given. The Pennsylvania Reserves, numbering eleven regiments, advanced so silently that we could not hear them, although following at only a short distance.

In a few moments, a heavy musketry fire re-echoed through the woods and announced that they were sharply engaged with a strong force. The provisional battalion steadily moved on for several moments, and halted half way down the gentle slope of a ravine which was partially cleared of trees. Ranks were dressed, and we awaited developments. It was soon perceived that after a sharp conflict, our comrades were baffled, and were slowly retreating. We prepared to give the Confederates a surprise, and perhaps a decided check. The detachment from our regiment was ordered to load and fire while kneeling. This meant that every man should place his right knee upon the

ground and resting his left elbow upon the left knee, take deliberate aim, and reload while in same position, first shifting the musket to the left side. The Pennsylvanians, well in hand, gave ground slowly and passed through our ranks, and, when invited to stop, replied, very sensibly:—

"This is not the right place."

The commissioned officers stood erect behind our men to direct their aim. Our front was soon unmasked by our comrades, and the rebels, in a confused mass, pressed forward yelling and firing. We opened a deliberate fire upon them, with fearful effect. They replied from a ragged line and recoiled for a few feet, and rallied, showing a solid front. Nearly twenty rounds per man were exchanged at as many paces distant. I do not believe a man left our ranks unhurt. A. J. Clarke, one of my men, jumped to his feet and coolly showed me a severe throat wound, before retreating. The Confederates temporarily withdrew; we then formed our line, one hundred paces

to the rear, and stood at ease in an exultant mood, tempered somewhat by regret for our severe losses. In a few moments the enemy were again upon us. It was then almost dark, and they were bewildered by our withering fire, delivered at less than five paces. They must have supposed that we had fallen back much further. They were brave, as usual, but poorly handled.

Nearly one hundred prisoners were taken by the 22nd, and the flag of the 6th Alabama, which was captured by Captain Ben. Davis. In the last repulse one of my men, who was as kind as fearless, called to a retreating Confederate, saying :—

"Halt, or I will shoot!"

No heed was given and he fired, and, as the poor fellow fell and partly turned around, my friend saw that he was a mere boy, not sixteen years old, though of a man's stature. He hastened to and raised him up, placing him against a tree, and gave him water and said :—

"I am very sorry; why did you not stop?"

The boy said :—

"Never mind, I suppose you had to do it."

The wound was in the side and serious; recovery was possible, however. After the lapse of thirty-six years, my comrade recalls the event with keen regret.

The 22nd Massachusetts lost, in this combat, seven killed and thirteen wounded; one-fifth of those engaged.

Captain Field informed me, in 1888, that, after the final repulse, General Crawford came from his line, one hundred and twenty yards in our rear, accompanied by members of his staff, and made inquiries about the captured flag. Captain Davis made the statement that he had taken it from a Confederate, which was verified by Captain Field, who witnessed the act. The general then asked why the position was held, and Field replied that he was waiting for orders, and was then courteously directed to withdraw to the rear of the 3rd Division.

This episode has been the subject of much

controversy, especially the flag incident, to which undue importance has been attached. Captain Davis was a very honorable man and his veracity cannot be successfully impeached. Orderly Sergeant Andrew Wilson captured an officer's sword, but made no claim to the flag, and would certainly have appealed to me, if aggrieved.

Early on the morning of the 9th, we were marched to our regiment, a mile away, and displaying our trophy, had quite an ovation from the brigade.

Our division had a severe battle during our absence, but the regiment was fortunate. We found it sheltered partially by a light breast-work, which was dominated by the rifle pits of the Confederate skirmishers, three hundred yards off. Captain Davis and I messed together, and we were ensconced behind the entrenchment, enjoying a frugal meal of coffee, hard bread, and salt pork, when he exclaimed, "There are Mark and Drum!" meaning his brother, Lieutenant Marcus M. Davis, then adjutant

of the regiment, and Lieutenant Drum, who belonged to the 2nd Regular Infantry. He joined them, and I kept on with my breakfast. In less than two minutes, Lieutenant Davis almost trod upon me, with his brother, the captain, in his arms, mortally wounded and unconscious,—he was shot through the chest. They had stepped upon the entrenchment and were explaining the situation to Lieutenant Drum. They were drawing the fire from the rifle pits, and Lieutenant Davis spoke about it. His brother was several years his senior, and shrugged his shoulders, indicating that he regarded the danger as trivial, and then instantly staggered. The Lieutenant, his brother, was much taller and very strong, and caught him before he could fall. It was a great shock to me, as I did not know that he was exposed, and would have protested emphatically had I been aware of it. He was about thirty years of age, of excellent habits, and very able and conscientious in the discharge of his duty.

His death was a great affliction to his brother, the adjutant. First Lieut. Robert Davis, of the 2nd Regulars, to whom I have referred in my description of these brothers, was badly wounded on the next day, while in command of that battalion. Another brother, Lieutenant Frank Davis, of the 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, was wounded ten days after the captain, during a battle in which that regiment was hotly engaged.

CHAPTER VIII.

Laurel Hill May 10th.—The attack.—Sergeant Wilson mortally wounded.—Hugh Gilligan loses a leg.—Casualties very great.—Congratulations on being alive not clearly in order.—First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.—General Hancock.—North Anna.—"Mr. Lee is not here."—Alger's shot for luck.—Captain Plunkett.—Ninth and Thirty-second Massachusetts.—Colonel Tilton's adventure.—"Shoot this Yank!"—"Boys, I had him!"—General Warren.—Skirmishes May 30th.—The Johnny would not borrow a percussion cap.—Lieut. Fleming.—Staff appointment as Acting Assistant Adjutant General of Brigade.

On the night of May 9, 1864, we fell back a few feet from the entrenchment, and lay upon our arms as a precaution against any attempt to surprise us. Sergeant Wilson and I slept under the same blankets, behind the company. C. F. Alger who was a close friend and confidant of Wilson, says that he came to him at least twice during the night and said he was sure he would be killed the next day. Alger was much impressed, as Wilson had never before manifested uneasiness.

We were undisturbed by the Confederates, who did not exhibit the dash and energy of the preceding week. It was now understood that we were to do skirmish duty for the brigade, aided by the valiant remnant of the 4th Michigan. The 9th and 32nd Massachusetts were to fight in line with the 62nd Pennsylvania.

General Griffin came to the brigade at half past nine, to direct an attack upon the positions in our front. The picket line of the Confederates was strong and the men were protected by depressions in the surface and screens of rails and logs. A field extended in their rear to woods that nearly encircled it. General Griffin talked to us at some length, saying that we must drive the rebels from the picket line and follow them to the woods and make a lodgement there, and that he would protect our left flank with artillery.

Our regiment deployed one hundred and fifty men as skirmishers, and the 4th Michigan furnished a gallant band for the same

purpose. The order "Forward!" was given by Major Burt, and we sprung upon our barricade and with muskets at trail and bayonets fixed advanced upon the enemy, running moderately fast and not stopping to shoot. This method was original with us. A skirmisher in motion is not as good a target as one who halts to take aim. The defensive line having partial shelter, and rests for muskets can fire with greater accuracy than assailants who are exposed. Soldiers may be very brave, but if lying down or in a rifle pit, they will leave when an attacking force is upon them with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. The Confederates hit many of us but could not stop our approach with their shots, and they ran when we were within a few yards.

We halted for about two minutes and pressed on towards the woods, and when within a hundred yards of their border, found that a mistake had been made as we received a withering fire from a solid line of battle in front and on our left. We turned

by common impulse to escape. Sergeant Wilson had bounded forward like a deer to the assault. We retreated side by side making a precipitate flight. He suddenly gasped and dropped his musket. I shifted my sword to my left hand and stooping passed my right arm around him below his shoulders. He said:

"Captain, it's no use, drop me!"

I clung to him and he kept his feet. I realized that the delay of a second might bring death to me, but I was also aware that my comrade would perish without attention if forsaken by me. His request to be dropped was so generous that it inspired me with new strength and resolution. I strained every nerve and muscle to sustain him until we reached a little hollow seventy-five yards distant, in what must have once been a garden. He was then almost helpless. This shelter in which I laid him was near the rifle pits we had just taken, and he was comparatively unexposed. In about twenty minutes there was a tem-

porary lull in the firing, affording a chance to reach Wilson, and I had him taken to the rear, where he soon died. At the 33rd annual reunion of the regiment, the first I was able to attend, I found that my effort for the sergeant was known. I now record it in justice to all concerned. I said little about the episode while in the army, but now believe I should make it a part of my military history.

The Confederates made a vigorous attempt to drive us by a sustained fire, from the picket line which we had gained. They did not push forward a force of infantry, but must have supposed they could make the position untenable. Their plan failed and was practically abandoned after an hour had elapsed, when we were relieved by the 32nd Massachusetts. Major Burt, Sergeant Walker, Private Hugh Gilligan and I halted behind a little barn, half way to the brigade line, when we were relieved, forming a little group. A sound was heard like the cracking of a dry stick,

and Gilligan sunk to the ground. The noise was caused by the breaking of a bone in one of his legs; the ball came from the left flank. The gallant soldier did not complain then and I doubt if he has since, although the limb was amputated. He is now (June, 1900,) in the service of the city of Boston, and is highly esteemed by all who know him, for his genial qualities and broad intelligence.

The regiment had over seventy men killed and wounded in this engagement, fully one half of those who made the advance. During the night a few who were wounded at the extreme front crept to our picket line. Those near them who were wholly helpless could secure no attention during the day and the comrades who escaped as stated above, saw no signs of aid after darkness set in.

My recollection of the 11th and 12th of May is somewhat confused. I remember that there was much firing, and that a strong line of infantry moved through our

line to assail the enemy. We were left on picket while the brigade marched to support the 2nd and 6th Corps, near the famous bloody angle where General Hancock made his successful onslaught. The Confederates had made a similar movement as we inferred from their inactivity as neighbors. We now lived in an atmosphere of carnage, and did not know at the close of a day's strife whether or not to congratulate ourselves on being alive, as it seemed that we were all doomed. Those whose wounds were not very grave, but ensured a few weeks absence were fortunate.

Upon the 13th our line was withdrawn a short distance to a more favorable situation, preparatory to another turning movement. On the night of the same day the 5th Corps made a long march for the purpose of gaining a position on the left and attacking the enemy in the morning. We crossed the Ny river twice. The roads were miry and the rain and mist made the darkness impenetrable. Fires were built

to guide the column, but were extinguished by the rain. The corps however moved on; the stragglers were numerous. At one ford the water was three feet deep.

On the morning of the 14th, the ranks were so thin and those with the colors so enfeebled that an attack could not be made during the day. Night movements in rainy weather are very uncertain. In the flank movements of 1864, the Union troops were obliged to make prolonged marches and fight an entrenched enemy who reached their positions by interior lines, that were comparatively short. We returned to our former location upon the 15th, and the men soon recuperated, although in close contact with the rebel lines.

During the afternoon of the 19th an assault was made upon our extreme right by a portion of Ewell's Corps. The 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery serving as infantry was conspicuous in this action. It was originally the 14th Massachusetts Infantry but was changed in 1861 to artillery,

and its numbers increased, and it was then assigned to duty in the forts defending Washington, on Arlington Heights. It was finely drilled as infantry and under strict discipline, and was relieved from service in the defence of the Capital and sent to the front as infantry after the Wilderness battles. It had over fifteen hundred men in line, and went forward in this its first battle in perfect alignment and broke the Confederate line, but at fearful cost, losing over five hundred officers and men. The opinion among the old troops was, that if they had been preceded by a very strong skirmish line and taken cover and delivered a heavy fire before charging, that the victory would not have been so dearly bought. The skirmish line when it had located the main force of the foe could have notified the advancing troops and awaited or rejoined them at once if expedient. We were proud of the gallant behavior of the regiment from our state. Our brigade was hastily moved to assist

in repelling Ewell but was not needed.

General Humphreys, who was Meade's Chief of Staff, roundly scores in his book, "Virginia Campaigns of '64 and '65," Badeau's description of this battle and shows that he praises troops for gallantry that had no casualties and practically were not in the fight. The campaign at Spotsylvania was more advantageous to our arms that it is generally supposed. The remark of General Alexander S. Webb in his paper in "Battles and Leaders," that it was fruitless, is gratuitous and not warranted by facts. The loss of the Confederates, according to General Hancock, was about four thousand prisoners besides their killed and wounded; also 20 pieces of artillery. Above all, their prestige was shaken and ours strengthened. Humphreys estimates that the Confederates lost in various engagements on the day of Hancock's assault between nine and ten thousand men.

General Hancock's services in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania were of inestima-

ble value; he never failed the cause in an emergency. He was one of the great soldiers of the war. From Williamsburg to Spotsylvania his intrepidity and tireless energy had been conspicuous. He was thoroughly in earnest and above narrow jealousy of his superiors in rank.

The Union army lost in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania in killed, wounded and missing, 33,110 men.

Upon the 21st we camped at Guinea Station, and on the 22nd we marched nearly all day, and skirmished occasionally. The 23rd of May was a beautiful day, the division had massed and bivouacked in a field. It was the turn of our brigade to lead the division. General Griffin and staff were present to start the column. Colonel Sweitzer, the brigade commander, was not on hand not having had breakfast. He was energetic under fire but calm and philosophical at other times. General Griffin was impatient and indulged in some criticisms garnished with a little profanity. He

happened to look down and saw the Chaplain of the 118th Pennsylvania at breakfast, and said:

"Beg pardon, parson, I did not know you were here. I cannot help swearing sometimes, but I am ashamed of it."

At this juncture Sweitzer appeared, and we moved off quickly, and at 2 P. M. were at Jericho Ford on the North Anna. Preparations were promptly made to cross. It was impossible to find satisfactory places for artillery to cover the infantry on its arrival on the other bank. General Warren's disquietude was manifest. Our regiment was in advance as skirmishers, and entered the stream; it was about three feet deep and rapid, but not over fifty yards wide. As we emerged we were confronted by a steep bank thirty feet high and covered with undergrowth. We climbed up it, and found at the top a well tilled enclosure, behind a small house. The ground was in well kept beds, about three feet wide, with paths between them. The men were eager to

form line and to examine their muskets and cartridges to detect signs of dampness, and expected to be fired upon at once, and did not notice or care where they stood. Suddenly an elderly woman came from the house; she was very much excited but commanded respect. She said:

"Gentlemen, why have you come? Mr. Lee is not here; you are spoiling my garden."

We were gratified by her information regarding "Mr. Lee," as we were not disposed to interview him with the small delegation present. She continued her protests; the men were amused but not many heeded her request. Colonel Tilton's attention was attracted, and he said:

"Boys, keep between the rows."

In three minutes we moved on, wheeling slightly to the left, so as to parallel the woods before us. We reached the fence bounding the field, first traversing five hundred yards, and halted to remove it. Major Burt ordered me to send a vidette into the woods. I pointed to Private Charles F.

Alger. He stepped forward ten paces and stood behind a tree not over eight inches in diameter. I watched him intently believing the Confederates must have pickets in a cover so near the ford. Alger aimed deliberately and fired, and standing fast without even glancing to the rear commenced to load. His shot brought a volley from about fifty of the enemy, and we returned it. The 9th Massachusetts came up in a dashing manner and delivered a volley. The rebels undoubtedly intended to flank the skirmish line, and the plan was well devised. I told Alger that when he saw the force before him lying down, he could have honorably retreated and given the information. He said that he knew that, but thought he would give them a shot for luck, and held his ground without looking back, because he knew the boys would stay. I do not believe the regiment ever had a more sincere compliment paid it. Alger knew his comrades, and his behavior as vidette upon this occasion was more significant than his

words. He was twenty-one years old and very quiet in his manner, and earnest in his attachments, and was always self possessed under fire. His readiness for perilous duty was understood. The detachment that he fired on was not more than twenty yards from him, and his act was as daring as any I ever beheld.

We pressed on for five hundred yards and halted, forming a picket line. Corporal Durgin of Company B, was ensnared by rebels in our uniform, and others narrowly escaped.

We adjusted our line so as to secure a commanding position for it and awaited the inevitable attack of the Confederates, who seldom ignored an opportunity to strike us when we had a ford in our rear and had not time to fortify. A few flank shots ranged near us, and Daddy Mulhern interested us by his talk about such assaults. He said:—

"As long as they are forninst us, I can stand it. But when they shoot sideways, I am onasy."

He expressed his detestation of a man who

would shoot around a corner. Mulhern was courageous and very faithful, and always entertaining. His comments were pithy and sensible, and abounded in racy humor.

At 5 P. M. Hill's skirmishers endeavored to drive us back, but we held them at bay easily. They waited for their main force, and we received a crashing volley at short range; and our retreat was not dilatory. We found that we were between two fires. A portion of our troops thought that we were captured, and replied to the Confederates without regard for us. But there was good reason for it, as the attack was very heavy on our right. I thought, for a moment, that I was viewing the ground where we would shortly lie. We changed direction towards the left of our brigade line, and came in over the 32nd Massachusetts. They were behind a strong barricade and were waiting for us; Colonel Prescott and Major Cunningham were specially solicitous for our escape.

As we ran in, I could see infantry, wear-

ing felt hats, coming in solid array to the support of our right. I supposed then that they were regulars, and believe now they must have been. The 9th Massachusetts was on the right of a little farm road and the 32nd on the left. We intermingled with both. I was with the left wing of the 9th Massachusetts. The 32nd now began firing steadily. The 9th was full of enthusiasm and fought with wonderful energy. Captain Chris Plunkett, of that regiment, was a lion. He was tall and of noble bearing, and gifted with a resonant voice. His fervid appeals to his comrades seemed to inspire them with almost supernatural fury. He was soon struck in an arm and fell, but still exhorted his men to fight to the last, and not to remove him. But he was borne to the rear, and lost his arm. He was certainly a heroic leader.

The right of the 9th soon fell back. This has been the subject of unjust comment. The 9th could see that the troops on their right had yielded ground slightly, and that

we were in danger of being flanked. The 32nd could not as clearly perceive it, and were just fairly wakened by the fierceness of the attack, and fought with the dogged determination which was its striking characteristic. It never entered a battle with much display of enthusiasm, but never knew when to retreat. The rebels were, at this crisis, defeated, the line on our right having been quickly restored. Our division bore the heat and burden of the day.

The 22nd was assembled in the rear, and was soon ordered to the front to establish a picket line. We moved cautiously three hundred yards beyond the entrenchment, and halted in line of battle. We could see quite well for a few yards, by the moonlight. Colonel Tilton left us for a few moments to examine the position preparatory to locating the picket posts, or stations. A voice, in sharp, earnest tones, unmistakably southern, broke the silence with the exclamation :—

" Shoot this Yank ! "

This startled us and caused a general laugh, as it was plain that we were mistaken for a rebel battalion. A group rushed to the spot and, seizing a Confederate of magnificent physique, brought him to his feet; and beneath him, greatly to our surprise and chagrin, was our colonel. Help was given him, and, as we brushed the leaves and dirt from his back, he calmly remarked:—

"Boys, I had him!"

As the Johnny was six inches taller and fifty pounds heavier than the colonel, we were much amused by the sally. The prisoner was frightened, and said that he did not know that it was our colonel, but that he was looking for the wounded and came upon a man suddenly who told him quietly to surrender. He brought his musket down to fire, and his opponent seized it and grappled with him, and was thrown. The Confederate said that as the struggle continued he was afraid of being shot with a pistol, and gazing around, saw what he supposed was a battalion of his friends, and

called to them for aid. The colonel here interposed, saying, that he was not offended, and that shooting was the game in fashion. The man saw that he was not to be harmed by us and that his discomfiture was enjoyed, and became emboldened and addressed the colonel, saying :—

"I am a prisoner now, and as there will be some shooting here soon, I wish to be out of the way."

The colonel remarked that his request was very sensible, and ordered him to be sent to the Provost Guard. The fellow was in danger, for a moment only, from one or two enlisted men, who were easily and promptly restrained. Colonel Tilton was popular with his men, and among very many other good qualities, had a keen sense of humor, and when, as we were marching subsequently, some wag in the ranks would greet his approach with an imitation of the rebel's outcry, "Shoot this Yank!" he would smile grimly and ride on without administering any rebuke.

In a few moments another Confederate appeared. He was coming down a wood road, carrying a stretcher upon his shoulder. He hesitated when he saw us. Lieutenant Roby, who was very courtly in his manner, stepped forward and said that it was all right, and that the visitor was welcome, and requested him to come to us. As he was covered by a musket in the hands of a sergeant, he accepted the invitation. Our provost guards said, that in taking prisoners to the rear, they seemed nervous as shells came near them. The remark was made that they were very bold when charging batteries, and the reply was, in effect, that they were usually then in close column, and whoever flinched was cut down by the officers.

We remained passive until the afternoon of the 24th, when we moved two miles to our right, and built a substantial breastwork of logs. Smoking tobacco was brought to us in large quantities by the cavalry and freely given to all who desired it, and was

a great comfort, as rations were scant.

On May 25th, we were on duty at Little River. The Confederates were vigilant on the other side.

General Warren, attended only by a mounted orderly, rode along the picket line and made very many inquiries. He impressed me as giving little thought to his personal safety, and as fully grasping the details of the situation.

General Lee held the North Anna for one-half of a mile, and extended both flanks back to Little River. We were across the North Anna, both above and below him. His position was adroitly taken, as it divided our forces like a wedge, and he could reinforce any threatened point speedily. The situation was similar to that of Meade at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, when he moved troops on short lines from his right to his left flank to defeat Longstreet. General Lee's failure to take advantage of the opportunity showed a decadence in the offensive force of his army since May 5th and

6th, or he would have followed the tactics of those eventful days and assailed one of the wings of our army with tremendous energy. He accepted his repulse by the 5th Corps, on the 23rd as final. He received at this time a reinforcement of nine thousand men, including Picket's fine division. It was soon discovered that Lee's position was impregnable. Our efforts there had been partially successful, as the enemy had lost more men than we, and the confidence of our army was perceptibly augmented.

On the night of May 26th, we recrossed the North Anna to take part in a new flanking attempt. The 5th Corps followed the left bank of the Pamunkey, and passed over it on a pontoon bridge at Hanovertown, on the 28th, after marching thirty miles from Jericho Ford. We made a short advance in the afternoon, preparatory to a general movement.

On the 29th the column proceeded very cautiously, covered by skirmishers and flankers. The route was through a well

wooded country, although not so impenetrable as the Wilderness. The rebel skirmishers yielded ground steadily before the 1st Brigade, containing the regulars, until they were found in a strong position in the woods on the far side of a field. The attacking force would be compelled to encounter the fire of the enemy while advancing five hundred yards. It was too late then to carry the rebel position that day, and it was left as a problem for our brigade, which was to lead on the following day, May 30, 1864. It was asserted that a solid line of battle would be needed to dislodge our indefatigable enemy.

We deployed as skirmishers early in the morning in a thin line of one rank, with the men five paces apart, and drove out our opposers in less than ten minutes and with light loss to us. We halted for rest, and soon went on again in the woods, and in a few minutes a stand was made by the Confederates. A lively combat ensued, and a concerted advance gave us success again.

This contest was repeated twice before a very resolute effort was made to check us at a place in the woods, where there was a large field in the rear which the rebels did not mean to cross under our fire. They took cover behind trees, our men did the same, and the distance was very short between the combatants. A Confederate aimed at Rankin, of Co. C.; his musket missed fire. I heard Rankin call to him, saying:—

"Come here, Johnny, and I will lend you a cap."

The response was brief but emphatic. Finally our thin line was warned to be ready to charge. Major Burt gave the order, "Forward!" It was instantly repeated by all the officers, and we rushed ahead. The elusive enemy escaped, but as we neared the field, our men fell very fast. We lost more in five minutes than in all the previous frays of the day. This deadly fire came from some building in the edge of the woods beyond the field, and must have been the work of sharpshooters who had obtained

the distance and studied the lay of the ground.

Lieutenant M. M. Davis, our adjutant, was as usual very active and received a ball through his hat, grazing his head. We, in a few moments, crossed the field and entered the woods for a few yards. We were followed by the rest of the brigade, which Colonel Sweitzer thought was necessary to prevent our being swept away by some sudden attack of the enemy, whose main force we were nearing. We lost five killed and thirteen wounded out of one hundred and twenty taken into action. Lieutenant Fleming was wounded in the arm, about six inches from the shoulder. The bone was not touched, and two little pink spots were all that could be seen. I saw him a few months later; the flesh had sloughed off almost to the bone for a space over three inches wide. Wounds, in the summer of 1864, were usually more serious among veterans than first appearances indicated.

General Charles Griffin was elated by our

success. He seemed to have special regard for the troops of his division as it was constituted in 1863, before the regulars were assigned to it. He was in very close touch with the volunteers, although he was an officer of the regular army. The first brigade of the division contained the regulars, and was very steadfast and efficient. Major Burt, who was in command of the skirmishers, displayed admirable skill and coolness. The brigade was withdrawn and rations issued. They were insufficient, and had been since our departure from winter quarters.

On June 1st we were near Bethesda Church and enjoyed a brief respite from the firing line. I was requested to accept a detail as Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade. Captain Merwin, the Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Division, was sick beyond hope of recovery, in the division hospital, and had been replaced by Captain Monteith, the Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the 2nd Brigade, thus creating a vacancy.

Colonel J. B. Sweitzer, commanding the brigade, desired to compliment our regiment, as it had acquiesced gracefully to its severance from old associations when it was assigned in the spring to the 2nd Brigade. Col. Sweitzer also said that the 22nd had by its efficiency at all times, especially while on skirmish duty, contributed very much to the conceded success of his command, since crossing the Rapidan. He also wished to show his appreciation of the character and services of Colonel Tilton, whose advice and co-operation he had found invaluable. Colonel Tilton was therefore invited to nominate one of his captains for the position, and I was indebted to him for the opportunity to serve in a conspicuous place, the duties of which were responsible and instructive. I asked time for consideration. I knew it was my interest to accept, but my attachment for the regiment was so strong that it seemed insurmountable. I did not have a dozen men remaining, however, and Orderly Sergeant Daniel Walker

was very capable. I conferred with Captain J. H. Baxter, my senior in years and close friend. He advised me to accept, saying that I was very fortunate and that it was my chance to help the cause, and that my family would be gratified. I complied with his advice, and on the following day reported for service.

I soon discovered that my duties were not onerous as a clerk or correspondent while we were in the presence of the enemy. A very competent enlisted man was familiar with the routine and compiled the daily reports. Communications for the regiments were signed by me for the colonel commanding; those for the division were signed by him personally. The task of overshadowing importance devolving upon us, was to direct and lead the brigade in action.

Ordinarily, when marching or preparing to fight, a staff officer simply communicates the orders of the commander to the colonels or others leading the battalions, first presenting the compliments of his chief. But

in emergencies, they are obliged to assume much, being guided only by general directions. This was understood, and it was essential that the adjutant and aides-de-camp should have the respect and confidence of the troops.

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Sweitzer.— Character sketched.— Lieut. John Seitz, Aide-de-camp. — His distinguished merit. — "When the swallows."—Thomas Warren.—The 21st Pennsylvania dismounted cavalry.— Battle June 3, 1864.—A lively ride.—Captain J. H. Baxter mortally wounded.—Last interview.—Phillips's 5th Massachusetts Battery.—Gallant 9th Massachusetts.—Truce on the Picket Line.—Petersburg.—Assault June 18th.— 4th Michigan. — Thomas Warren killed. — Colonel Prescott mortally wounded.—The 155th Pennsylvania.—Hard bread condemned and issued.

Colonel Jacob Bowman Sweitzer of the 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, was a lawyer by profession prior to entering the army. He came of a military family; one of his ancestors was on Washington's staff, and a brother being a captain of cavalry in the regular army. Colonel Sweitzer distinguished himself in command of the brigade at Gettysburg. He was brave and sagacious in battle, and should have been made a Brigadier General, especially as he was

left in command of the brigade when the campaign commenced. There was a plentitude of brigadiers, and his retention after the reorganization of the army must have been well considered, and advised by superiors in rank who valued him highly. His political affiliations did not aid him. General Griffin placed, as I soon discovered, great confidence in his skill and judgment. Colonel Sweitzer was very simple in his dress and manners. He wore a full beard, was of the blond type and looked like a German. General Griffin would call him the "Dutchman," when in a jesting mood, and I suppose one-half of the division thought that he or his parents were from the fatherland. It did not hurt him with the men or ruffle his good humor. A stranger could not long converse with him without learning that he was from Pittsburg, Pa., or "Old Smoky," and that deep attachment for it was cherished by him.

I found only one aide-de-camp on duty with him, Lieut. John Seitz, a handsome

officer and a close personal friend of his chief. He was an invaluable man under fire, being sound in judgment and dauntless in courage. He saw things as they were, his imagination did not deceive him, and he could be trusted implicitly to give orders at his discretion, in the name of his commander in an emergency. We became bosom friends at once; he was a boon companion. He knew only one verse of "When the swallows homward fly," and could sing it very well. I often have wondered if he ever learned the remainder of it.

There were two enlisted men serving as mounted orderlies, and two clerks on duty at brigade headquarters. Thomas Warren of Company D, 22nd Massachusetts, was an orderly, and had been on duty for at least a year with Colonel Sweitzer. He was quite young, not over twenty-one and sunny in temperament. He behaved with marked gallantry at North Anna, riding under a fearful fire in the crisis of the battle to the extreme front with orders.

On June 2nd, the 21st Pennsylvania cavalry, which was dismounted and serving as infantry, joined the brigade. It consisted of twelve full companies and made an imposing appearance. The horses that could be obtained were needed for the old regiments, and this was given infantry equipments and sent to the front. It was of very good material but needed experience. The cavalry tactics were adhered to by it, and its evolutions interested the other regiments. They could advance remarkably well in line of battle and endure losses with stubborn patience, but could not at first retaliate effectively.

Upon the morning of June 3rd, 1864, Colonel Sweitzer directed me to report to Colonel Tilton, who was to command the skirmish line of the brigade during the contemplated attack which was to be made at once. The skirmishing detail consisted of the 22nd Massachusetts and the 4th Michigan. We were to advance about six hundred yards over a field sloping from us,

gainst the Confederates, who were in a belt of timber skirting it. The troops behind us and prepared to follow in line were the 9th and 32nd Massachusetts, 62nd Pennsylvania and 21st Pennsylvania dismounted cavalry. The skirmish detail was soon ready and Colonel Tilton and I accompanied it on foot and soon reached the woods. They were about one thousand yards from Bethesda Church and quite dense. The infantry followed in fine form and very close to us. Artillery was placed where it could send solid shot over our troops with effect. The rebels had a battery near the field, with the horses in an adjacent hollow. Our assault was so quick and unexpected that the poor creatures could not be removed and were nearly all slain by our musketry. But the line was firmly held by a numerous body of infantry and our troops halted at the edge of the woods and lay down. The bulk of the Confederates, as I discovered soon, were only twenty yards distant. I was with the left wing, and after we were

checked passed along to the right to survey the situation so as to report to Colonel Sweitzer. I came to where a narrow road passed through the woods and lay down for a moment to reconnoitre. Our troops were in a solid line beyond the road and were maintaining a moderate fire.

I saw George Steele of Company H, in the road a few feet ahead of our line, smiling in death. He was not over 18 years old, and a brother of Lieut. Steele, who was wounded May 5th. George was like his brother, bright and handsome. He must have passed from life in the quickness of a flash. I dodged over the road to the 32nd and 9th Massachusetts, interspersed among whom were many of the skirmishers. I had just made a few inquiries when Lieut. Seitz quickly dismounted, having ridden at full speed from the rear. He remarked that he intended to pass along our brigade on foot, and requested me to ride his horse to the rear as I had said that I was ready to leave. I consented very cheerfully and was

about to mount when a member of the 9th Massachusetts spoke to me, saying the Confederates were not much over fifty feet away, and though lying down as we were, could see the horse. He suggested that I would undoubtedly be riddled if I attempted to ride. I was in a dilemma as I did not wish to take serious risks for a horse. I thought however, that my friend might be mistaken, and was about to mount recklessly when some one said:

"Lead him along the line first."

The advice was sound and I followed it, stooping at the same time, and sprang into the saddle using the spur upon my right foot before catching the stirrup. I lay forward upon the pony's neck. He went like an arrow and seemed to understand why we were in a hurry and settled down as low as possible. I suppose one hundred shots were fired at me; luckily the range was a little too high to catch me, but the bullets whistled close enough to make the occasion interesting. The woods and the fire of our boys

saved me. I reeled in the saddle before my right foot was in the stirrup, and it was supposed that I was wounded. Lieut. Seitz had parted from me before I was warned, but hearing the musketry and exclamations he looked at the race against time, and said the speed of his horse surprised him. He regretted the incident and would not have endangered me knowingly.

As I emerged from this fire I was hailed by a man who said that Captain Baxter was mortally wounded, and he also informed me where to find him. I was surprised exceedingly, as he had been so fortunate that I felt that he bore a charmed life, and could hardly realize that his end was near. I galloped in the direction indicated, and soon overtook him. He was being carried upon a stretcher. I was overwhelmed and took his hand. He was shot through the abdomen. He spoke calmly and distinctly, saying:

"Oh, Ned, I have got it at last!"

I tried to encourage him with the hope of recovery; he shook his head and said:

"See how I bleed!"

He bade me good-bye and his bearers hurried on to the hospital. He died within a few hours submitting patiently to his fate. He was frank, unselfish and brave, a noble character whose death was keenly deplored by all who knew him. I made my report to Colonel Sweitzer, and visited the front. I found that our men were digging holes with their bayonets and were keeping the opposing force in check so far as the fire from the principal portion of their line was concerned.

Colonel Prescott of the 32nd Massachusetts Volunteers, said that the rebel battery not twenty yards away could not fire, as our boys shot the gunners when they attempted to load, but that a substantial barn, or corn house, near the battery, but partly in the hollow, was occupied by the Confederates. They were in the upper room or loft and quite secure, and were hitting many of our people. He requested that our artillery should make it a target. I returned to

Colonel Sweitzer; he directed me to see Captain Phillips of the 5th Massachusetts Battery, and present his compliments and ask his assistance. I found Captain Phillips immediately. He was very courteous. I recall him as being about 28 years old and quite tall and slender. He was at first incredulous about the rebels being in the building, but was speedily convinced by my positive assurances. He then remarked that his shot must pass only about three feet above our own line to be effective and that he must exercise great care to avoid harming it. He feared that the boys might be demoralized by the closeness of the range. He was informed that they knew what was coming and would not budge. The captain carefully examined with his field glass the position and gave detailed instruction to a gun crew. The piece was rifled and three inches in calibre. He observed that the first shot would be high, as it was, but the third struck fairly making the splinters fly in a shower. The Confederates vacated and did

not return. A few greetings from Phillips were enough for them. The distance was only six hundred yards, the horses of our battery were sheltered, the men were exposed. The 22nd and the 2nd Sharpshooters had twelve killed and thirteen wounded out of one hundred and ten engaged. Sergeant Philip Wenzel of Company E, was severely wounded in an arm, and asked Corporal D. L. Jones if he thought it right for him to go to the rear. Jones, supported by the rest of the company, insisted upon his retirement.

The Confederates retreated during the night, and we inspected their defenses with much interest. There were many dead horses in a hollow, and it was plain that their loss in men must have been considerable. We were passive for a day, but on June 5th, Colonel Sweitzer was directed to make a reconnoissance, and at half past three P. M., the brigade moved out on the Shady Grove road. The 9th Massachusetts was left to hold the entrenchments. It had

only five more days to serve and Colonel Sweitzer wished to spare it. The 22nd Massachusetts and 4th Michigan, both under Colonel Tilton, led as skirmishers, and soon met the Confederates and drove them after a brisk contest. They made two or three stands afterwards, one of them being very stubborn. Finally we reached a belt of dense woods fully one mile from our point of departure, and the brigade line of battle approached quite near our skirmishers and halted and prepared to deliver battle.

The skirmishers entered the forest, and had not been gone over two minutes when a tremendous volley was heard. We had come in contact with a large force in a carefully chosen location. Colonel Tilton said to Colonel Sweitzer :—

"I told you we would strike hard pan."

The environment was not satisfactory. Our flanks were exposed in the presence of an enterprising foe, who evidently awaited our assault, but if aware of the state of af-

fairs would, it was firmly believed, strike our flanks and endeavor to cut off our retreat. Our advance had been mainly over a field bordered on the left by woods through which a concealed effort to get in our rear could be made.

Lieutenant Seitz and I rode to the right and watched for any demonstration by the enemy from that direction. In a half hour I was called back and Colonel Sweitzer requested me to report the progress made by him to General Griffin, and to suggest that if the other brigades of the division could support him, he would make an assault upon the Confederates, who were undoubtedly in strong numbers before him. General Griffin was at Bethesda Church. I delivered my message. He made many inquiries and said he would not bring on an engagement without orders, and that we had gone further than he anticipated. He instructed me to say to Colonel Sweitzer, from him, that he must use his own judgment as he was on the spot and responsible for the

reconnoissance. Gen. Griffin's views were conclusive; a forward movement must be concerted to prevent the massing of the enemy at the critical point. It occurred to me that the 9th Mass. might be needed, and I explained the situation to Lieut. Col. Hanley, in command of that regiment, and in Col. Sweitzer's name ordered him to proceed to the front. He was eager to obey and I rode rapidly towards the brigade and found that it was retreating very quietly in line of battle. I reported the conversation with the General, and Col. Sweitzer said he had anticipated the result. He expressed satisfaction with the order to the 9th Massachusetts. We very soon met that regiment. It had come forward in "double quick" time and the men were exhausted. The good fellowship displayed was characteristic of that gallant regiment, and was warmly appreciated. The Confederates probably supposed that our approach was in heavy force and supported by artillery, and that our delay was for the purpose of

making dispositions for an attack.

Upon the 7th we camped near the Chickahominy, and on the 9th Lieutenant Seitz and I made an inspection trip to the picket line located on that stream, now classic in our history. Its devious course is through a malarial swamp abounding in lofty trees and rank vegetation. We rode across a field or meadow of luxuriant grass to the woods and tied our horses. The picket line was about one hundred yards further on. Guards were posted and were pacing their beats as on camp guard. The majority were washing their clothing or fishing with improvised tackle in the Chickahominy, which was then quite low and only about thirty feet wide. The Confederates were similarly engaged on the opposite bank. A soldiers' truce existed. We went along our line. The rebels could see by our spurs that we were staff officers, and they merely gazed placidly upon us, making no audible comment. These truces were always faithfully observed; notice of intention to fire

was invariably given. I do not believe that a hostile shot was fired during the four days that these lines were held. Truces of this nature were never made between Union troops from the south and the rebels. The hatred that divided these elements was implacable. Its embers still smoulder in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri.

The 9th Mass. Volunteers started for home on June 10th, and Colonel Sweitzer addressed them eloquently and in complimentary terms.

The Army, under Generals Grant and Meade, lost, from May 5 to June 10, 1864, inclusive, 49,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing. Eleven thousand of these were killed, including those who perished among the missing. The missing were 8700. Undoubtedly one-half of these were slain in the thickets of the Wilderness. To these appalling figures should be added those whom death overtook within a brief period after their discharge from the service for disability incurred by wounds or

disease. The sick were also very numerous. General Grant admits frankly that the last assaults at Cold Harbor should not have been made. The temptation to crush Lee, if possible at this time, was very great, as the alternative of a flank movement beyond the James was not inviting. The rank and file of the veterans sustained their chiefs with grim determination, although depressed by our losses. The conviction existed generally among them that we were gradually strangling the rebellion.

There was much in the outlook to encourage the Confederates. They were sensibly weakened, but had baffled the Union army and were still powerful. The activity of their friends in the North induced them to hope that favorable terms might be proffered.

We were visited by our trains, about this time, and full supplies of clothing and shoes were issued. The rest of a few days was very beneficial.

Upon June 12 we commenced our journey

to the James and crossed the Chickahominy, and, marching over forty miles, arrived at Wilcox's Landing on the morning of the 15th. We crossed the James upon a pontoon bridge that was a marvel. It was twenty-one hundred feet long, and capable of sustaining unbroken trains of wagons and artillery. Strict instructions had been given regarding the troops and teams that were to have precedence. General Meade found that an attempt had been made, or was in progress, to disregard his orders. His vigorous action and lurid comments were a revelation to the offender. Steamboats were also used to transport troops. It was essential that the passage should be made quickly, to accomplish the objects in view. The march from the river to Petersburg was fatiguing as the weather was very hot, but the army was well controlled and the straggling was nominal only. It was perceived that we could not surprise Petersburg, our objective point. General Lee was deceived for two or three days, and then

saw the danger which threatened this key to the railroad connections of Richmond with the south. We were in reserve June 17, but on the 18th were early in motion and passed over ground that had been warmly contested the previous day. The dead had not been buried, and the sight was gruesome. Our lines were formed fully five hundred yards from the Norfolk railroad, which at this place was in a cut twenty-five feet deep. Considerable delay occurred in making connection upon our right flank and in studying the location of the Confederates. They were not over three hundred yards beyond the railroad, and were fortified and had light artillery in position. Its plane of fire extended over the field which we must traverse and across a country highway which led to the railroad. I was ordered to aid in the direction of the skirmish line. The 4th Michigan was kept in reserve, as its term would expire on the next day. It had only seventy-five men remaining. Colonel Sweitzer

spoke to them, referring to their long and distinguished services, and said that he would take the responsibility of withholding them from the pending action. But if we were pressed, he should expect them to come to the aid of their comrades and fight with their accustomed gallantry. The regiment responded manifesting much feeling, offering to lead if desired in the fight, and said they would not wait for orders, if needed. The 4th Michigan was a fine body of young men and had made a noble record from the beginning. It was always efficient and fit for any duty, and ranked as one of the best battalions in the army.

The fire from the Confederates was heavy. The bullets cut through the grass, making a sound like that of a scythe in the hands of a sturdy mower in a field of rank growth. The skirmish line went forward and took all the cover possible, preparatory to a dash upon the pickets of the rebels at the right moment. I was in the field behind them, when General Griffin rode up alone and

questioned me regarding the progress made and the location of the enemy. I explained as fully as I could, and pointed out their artillery and its range. Captain Phillips of the 5th Massachusetts Battery then came up and asked the General where he should place his pieces. The General told him that I would show him. We rode to the right to look at the ground there. Captain Phillips remarked that the Confederate artillery was not habitually served with the stubborn resolution displayed by their admirable infantry. He said: "We will silence those fellows, although they are sheltered, and in a little while they will sneak in a shot at us." The captain found a satisfactory position and I left him. He silenced the Confederate battery speedily, but in a few moments his prediction was fulfilled; two shots were discharged for his special benefit.

I was now joined by Thomas Warren, my orderly, who had been dispatched to me with a message. We rode towards the

skirmish line, as the time had come for it to move on. We dismounted as we neared it. I ordered him to hold the reins of both horses and lie down behind the bank of the road. He obeyed before we separated. The shells from the enemy intersected the road at an angle of twenty degrees, and he was apparently well protected. I then went to the skirmish line which was ready to make a rush. The word was given that all was ready and we dashed on. But the rebels had made a lodgement to our right in a ditch and our connecting line failing to go with us, our right was obliged to retreat after it had gone about fifty yards. Captain John Rock of Company C of our regiment, wore his tight fitting dress coat, and as we stopped it was noticed that a ball had cut it across the small of the back practically ruining it. When his attention was called to the mishap, he was startled at his narrow escape and reaching for his canteen said, "Here is a little commissary," and discovered that a ball had punched two

holes in it. Captain Rock was not an intemperate man, but had been fortunate enough to get the whiskey that morning and carried it for his friends chiefly, especially the wounded. He was struck at Gaines Mills, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, and suffered severely in each case. I returned to get my horse and report. I saw that he had gone, and hastening to the spot where I had parted from poor Warren, found him lying dead. A shell had exploded over him and a piece of it had fractured his skull. The horses were uninjured and galloped to the rear where it was soon believed that both Warren and I were killed.

New dispositions were made on the right of the road, and the whole line advanced, followed by the brigade, which crossed the railroad and made a lodgement within one hundred and fifty yards of the Confederate entrenchment. We were very near the site of the big mine that was exploded July 30th. Colonel G. L. Prescott of the 32nd Massachusetts was mortally wounded in

this attack. He was worthy of his noble regiment. He lived until the next day. He told General Griffin that while he had much to live for, he was contented to die for the cause. His loss was greatly deplored.

Arrangements were made for another assault, and at 5.30 P. M., the brigade charged. I was with the 32nd Massachusetts. We almost reached the breastwork and the rebels began to retreat. The 155th Pennsylvania Volunteers on our left must have been within five yards of it. The Confederates saw that the troops on our left did not support us, and rallied and succeeded in holding their works. The 155th Pennsylvania lost heavily, and fell back in good form. I saw several of them rush back for their wounded and bring them off under fire. The regiments on our left were new and could not be induced to charge. If we could have had two lines and been supported on the left flank we would have captured positions that were

vital for the defence. Major Burt of the 22nd Massachusetts accompanied the 155th Pennsylvania in the assault. His regiment was held in reserve having done the skirmish duty, and lost seven killed and fourteen wounded, one fourth of those engaged. Sergeant J. W. Kenfield and Corporal David L. Jones of Company E, were wounded. They are both now (1900) residents of Boston. The 155th Pennsylvania was from Pittsburg, Pa., and vicinity, and had been assigned to the brigade recently. It was admirably drilled and led with energy and skill. Its uniform was zouave and contrasted in a pronounced manner with the staid blue of the rest of the division.

We retained our position near the Confederates. The 4th Michigan came to the front voluntarily and asked to be put on duty. They were kept with us to aid in repelling an expected counter attack. In the morning the brigade was relieved and Lieut. Lenfest of the 4th Michigan was severely wounded while his regiment was

being withdrawn from its last tour of duty prior to its muster out.

On the 21st we marched to the rear and left, near the Jerusalem plank road, and were held in reserve. The campaign now assumed a new phase; the capture of Petersburg was to be diligently sought. Many conditions were more favorable for military operations than in the immediate vicinity of Richmond. The fevers of the Chickahominy were avoided, and our lines of supply were more secure. The landings or terminals at City Point were ample, and Fortress Monroe only seventy miles distant, was the permanent base. The accumulation there of military supplies of every description was enormous. At first transportation from City Point was very difficult and hard bread was the chief dependence, and more was needed than the legal ration, as small rations, beans, rice and vegetables, did not come forward for a long period. On one occasion hard bread was condemned in our brigade, and then divided as an extra ration.

CHAPTER X.

Line of 2nd Corps restored.—32nd Massachusetts suffers.—Colonel Blaisdell of 11th Massachusetts.—General Meade present.—Morning reports of cumulative losses.—Lieut. Seitz's farwell to General Griffin.—Sufficiently amused.—Colonel Gregory.—Lieut. Bourne.—The covering trenches.—Locomotive engineers and firemen on military roads.—The mine fiasco.—Drafted men faithful.—Battle of Weldon R. R.—Gallant 155th Pennsylvania.— Lieut. Bourne mortally wounded.—Reams Station.—Music cut off as if by a knife.—Battles at Peeble's farm.—Return to the regiment.—Meade's narrow escape.—Arrival in Boston.

During June 22nd, the 2nd Corps line, the right of which was on the Jerusalem road, engaged the Confederates and was forced back some distance on its right. Our brigade was ordered to aid in restoring its alignment. The situation was not serious and I heard the remark that "It was not our mix," but we advanced cheerfully at about 4 P. M. As we filed across the road we lost many men by the shots from a battery, which were sent down it like balls

in a bowling alley. The 32nd Massachusetts Volunteers was nicked three or four times but moved steadily on.

There was some misunderstanding that caused Colonel Sweitzer to send me to General Griffin for instructions, and he was directed to act independently, but to co-operate vigorously, exercising his own judgment. The brigade formed in line in the woods, and the Confederates were checked, and aided by the troops near us of the 2nd Corps, a new picket line was established. This was very difficult in the dark as we were so near the rebels. I was assisted for several hours by Lieut. Bell of the 155th Pennsylvania, a new addition to the staff. We were in doubt about one little group which we saw ten yards from us, and challenged it, falling flat at the same time. Our accent was recognized and drew its fire. We did not cultivate them any further; the hint was sufficient and we slipped back.

I met during the night Colonel Blaisdell of the 11th Massachusetts. He was very

energetic, and careless regarding his personal safety, and was mortally wounded before morning. At daylight we returned to our camp. The 22nd Massachusetts had four wounded; among them was James Richardson of Company E, whom I have referred to in my account of the Mine Run campaign.

Our army was not well fortified, our line was several miles in length and if broken could be flanked. The Confederate line was shorter and stronger, having many redoubts capable of successful defence even if surrounded. Late on the afternoon of the 23rd, the brigade marched a mile south on the Jerusalem road, and formed line facing to the south. We were accompanied by the Maryland brigade, and Colonel Sweitzer as senior assumed command of the provisional division. General Meade was present with his escort and put it in line, and was very active in the preparations to meet an anticipated attack upon the rear of the left wing of our army. An order on manifold

paper was received by Colonel Sweitzer that indicated that the withdrawal of a portion of the army to City Point was contemplated. I believe that General Hunt, Chief of Artillery for the army, was with General Meade, who it was evident meant to share our fortunes in battle. We remained here for one day and then returned to our old position.

General Lee had on June 12th, detached General Early with ten thousand men on a foray to the Valley of the Shenandoah, and to menace Washington, and did not assail our left flank with a heavy force. Probably he did not think his army strong enough. Our situation on the left was critical for a week, but by that time we were securely anchored. Forts were constructed on commanding sites along our whole line. They were substantial works with ditches and abatis, and also magazines for ammunition. Artillery was placed so as to enfilade every approach. These defences were impregnable against attacks of infan-

try and light artillery. A thin line was all that was necessary to connect them. Troops could then be spared for offensive operations.

The morning reports of the regiments in the brigade showed the casualties of the previous day, and also accumulative losses since March 4th. I recollect that after the 18th of June the losses of the 22nd Massachusetts for the summer, since the crossing of the Rapidan, were 202; 60 of these were deaths. The total loss was fully 60 per cent. of its fighting force. The number of deaths was swollen to eighty by losses among the wounded in hospitals after first reports had been made. The other old battalions of the brigade had practically the same record. We were joined about June 27th by the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Colonel E. M. Gregory.

The term of the 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers expired with us on July 4th, and arrangements for its departure were very

much in evidence, as the loss to the service of Colonel Sweitzer and Lieut. Seitz was also involved.

When the situation had become comparatively quiet, Colonel Sweitzer was busy with his correspondence and read me a letter that he had written to the widowed mother of Thomas Warren, the mounted orderly who was killed June 18th. It was very eloquent and sympathetic, and paid a deserved tribute to the poor fellow. It also unconsciously betrayed the warm heart of the writer, who was a gentleman in the noblest sense of the word.

Lieut. Seitz had been long on the brigade staff and called upon General Griffin to pay his respects and bid him farewell, and gave me a graphic account of the interview. The general was very cordial in response to my friend's good wishes, and said he was sorry to see so many valuable officers leave the army, as there was much yet to be done. He added that the task on hand was an ugly one and good officers could not

be spared. He said that if the lieutenant would remain he would induce the Governor of Pennsylvania to make him a captain, and would have him detailed upon his staff as an aide, without any clerical duties. He wished him to assist in handling the troops in action. Lieut. Seitz assured the general that he was deeply sensible of the compliment and would accept the proffer were it not for the fact that his widowed mother would be heart broken if he did not return with his regiment. He stated also, that the tension had been very severe upon him, and he must have a brief rest, and that to speak frankly he was for the present sufficiently amused. The general laughed at this expression, and observed that he realized that the service had been unrelenting in its exactions. I do not know if Lieut. Seitz again entered the army, but he undoubtedly tried to do so after he had visited his relations and friends.

Colonel Sweitzer on his return to Pittsburg, Pa., was treated with great consider-

ation, and held for several years, or until his death in 1895, an important public office. He was brevetted a Brigadier General of U. S. Volunteers in 1865, which was a tardy acknowledgment of his services.

Colonel E. M. Gregory of the 91st Pennsylvania succeeded by virtue of his seniority to the command of the brigade. He had been wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862. He was of fine presence, and had for many years been conspicuous in Philadelphia as a leader in philanthropic work. I remained upon the staff, and had the advantage of being well known to the brigade, the 91st Pennsylvania alone excepted. The above regiment was of high character, as it was experienced, and always did its work faithfully whenever ordered. It displayed courage and fortitude on many trying occasions.

The 21st Pennsylvania cavalry, dismounted, under the command of Major O. B. Knowles, improved in drill very fast, but left us early in September. First Lieut.

Robert T. Bourne of the 22nd Massachusetts was detailed as an aid on the staff by Colonel Sweitzer, June 25th. He had been a private in the 3rd Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in the three months service, and enlisted as such in Company A, of the 22nd Massachusetts. He was very youthful in appearance, and with no support but his merit, rose finally to the rank of captain. He was reticent and a thinker. His control over men was remarkable, and as a leader in action his calmness and courage were inspiring.

It was rumored during the month of July, that an assault would soon be made upon the Confederate line, and that it would be preceded by a mine explosion. The work essential to cover the massing of troops and ordnance snpplies at the extreme front was pushed to completion. Our previous experience in digging was eclipsed, covering trenches were made parallel to the breastworks of the firing line, and were often not more than seventy-five yards from it.

These coverings were intersected by others accessible from our rear. The trenches or covered ways were twelve feet wide and six feet deep, with the earth from the excavation banked on the side towards the enemy in addition. The army wagons while in these covered ways were secure from a horizontal fire; shells exploding over them could inflict damage but were not considered. Provision was made for every conceivable contingency including the shelter of relieving forces and their advance to the extreme front with the least possible exposure. I visited the front near the Jerusalem road. The Confederate line was only 150 yards distant, and was fortified similarly to ours. The breastwork was substantial enough to resist direct shots from artillery, and bomb proofs were made for protection against shells from mortar bombs. These annoying missiles descended almost vertically. Watchers would give warning, and the men endangered would scramble under cover. These shelters were generally part-

ly underground and covered with logs and earth. A military railroad was built without strict attention to the grade, connecting with the Petersburg and City Point R. R., and was afterwards extended as our environment lengthened. In some places it was within the range of the Confederate artillery, and was shielded only by a bank of earth, just high enough to screen the car wheels. The besieged soon became weary of wasting their ammunition for purposes of annoyance, as they could not succeed in their attempts to injure the locomotives. The engineers and firemen on the various military railroads were civilians but faced danger with remarkable courage and fidelity.

Upon July 29th the 5th Corps moved into the covered ways near the 9th Corps, to participate if practicable in the contemplated grand assault to follow the explosion of a mine, under an important position of the Confederates. The explosion occurred between 4 and 5 A. M. on the next day, and

the concussion was not astounding where we were. The enemy's works in our immediate front were held with undiminished strength. It was soon seen that the design had failed, as the infantry assault was checked. Its feasibility with a gap of only one hundred and sixty feet in breadth was doubtful, even if other conditions were favorable. The details of the attack were not worked out either with intelligence or care. Arrangements were not made for the infantry of the 9th Corps to scale its entrenchments in line of battle and spring forward to the charge without an instant's delay. It was compelled to file through a narrow opening and form in line after the explosion, and in the meantime the enemy recovered from the surprise and rallied to the defence.

The retention of General Burnside in command of the 9th Corps had been regarded with disfavor by the army, and now his retirement soon followed. The white troops of the 9th Corps were very good,

but the colored troops were weak in the general character of their officers, and had been used mainly for fatigue work and the guarding of trains, and I believe it was a mistake to have selected them for this desperate venture. The Confederates would fight the "Smoked Yanks," as they termed the colored troops, with a fiercer desperation than that which they evinced in their struggle with whites. Several mortars, throwing bombs ten inches in diameter, were used for several hours on this day. The bombs or balls could be seen with the naked eye soaring fully 500 feet aloft and descending at the same angle as that of their ascent. Their fuses were cut so as to cause them to burst as they struck the earth, and it was claimed that several tons of dirt would be displaced by each explosion. No ordinary bomb shelter would protect its occupants. The only recourse against a bomb of this size was to watch its flight and give it speedy possession of the vicinity where it seemed that its journey would end.

Upon the 9th of July, two divisions of the 6th Corps embarked for Washington. They had been preceded by Ricketts's Division of the same corps. It was understood that General Grant was averse to sending reinforcements from the army confronting Lee to the aid of the forces defending Washington, but the emergency was so grave that he was obliged to consent. The military situation, after the mine fiasco, was disappointing. Sherman was before Atlanta and held at bay, Banks had been defeated on the Red River, in Louisiana, and Early was in strong force in the Shenandoah Valley. The pressure however was beginning to tell upon the Confederacy and discouraged its armies. Desertions were becoming more numerous, and their ranks could not be kept full either by enlistment or conscription. Drafted men, who accepted the decree that called them into our service as that of fate and came to the front as recruits, were as a class, excellent soldiers, and no stigma should be attached to them.

The 22nd Mass. Volunteers was ordered to City Point, August 7, for guard duty there. It was so reduced in numbers by losses in action, that this consideration was due to it. Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwin and Captain Walter Davis remained on the division staff, and Lieut. R. T. Bourne and I upon that of the brigade, and consequently saw some service that the regiment did not.

Upon August 14 a concerted campaign was begun; its object was to prevent General Lee from reinforcing General Early and to seize the Weldon railroad. General Hancock crossed the James with the 2nd Corps to threaten Richmond, and remained there until the 20th. The 5th Corps, upon the 18th, moved upon the Weldon railroad at Globe Tavern, four miles distant. The opposition encountered was very light on that day, but on the next day the corps was attacked and fought an indecisive battle. Our division was only slightly engaged.

During the 20th, General Warren, being satisfied that a strenuous effort would be

made to dislodge him, changed his position to one better adapted for defence. Our brigade however was not more favorably placed; it was on the extreme left of the corps, and its left rested upon an open field which was guarded by a small force of cavalry which did not belong to our corps.

The task of establishing a picket-line was very difficult. The 32nd Mass. Volunteers was assigned to that duty and I was busy for several hours with them, and was given indispensable aid by their officers. The essential thing in this work is to make connections on the flanks, leaving no break or gap; and as we were in thick woods in this instance, the duty was a severe test of my patience. I went to the pickets early, on the 21st, and spent an hour or so there, and found that Colonel Edmands had corrected some errors that could not be avoided in the night.

When I returned to the brigade, I found that the 21st Penn. Dismounted Cavalry had been placed wisely by Colonel Gregory

in the woods on the edge of the field. Its position was at right angles with that of the other regiments of the brigade and of the general battle-front of the corps. The Confederate force consisted of Hill's Corps and Hoke's Division and a division of cavalry, and the onslaught was very determined along nearly our whole line. Lieutenant Bourne and I were busy on the left, as that soon seemed to be the objective point. When the enemy, about 11 A. M., began to enter the field, I joined the 21st Penn. Dismounted Cavalry. It kept up an effective fire, and held its ground with stubborn determination. But the assailants were gaining steadily. I consulted for a moment with Lieutenant Bourne. He agreed with me that immediate help was necessary, and I galloped down the road. Colonel Gregory was near the left, but in the woods ; his place was rightly chosen to direct his command against an attack upon the front. Our breastwork was very substantial, and the enemy had made that dis-

covery and were avoiding it and trying to flank us.

The 155th Pennsylvania was larger than the 91st Pennsylvania and had about 600 men in the ranks, and I resolved to call upon them for sharp and decisive work. As I passed Colonel Gregory he asked me where I was going. I replied that I did not have time to explain; this was the exact truth. I ordered Colonel A. L. Pearson, of the 155th Penn., to face his regiment to the left and double-quick into the field, and then front and charge. The order was instantly obeyed; the battalion was enthusiastic, and executed the manœuvre magnificently, advancing in line of battle upon the rebels with a cheer of defiance. The small cavalry force on their left charged at the same time and the enemy gave way. Lieutenant Bourne was very active and was wounded, as we went forward with the troops in the charge, either by a buckshot or pistol ball. The 155th Pennsylvania was highly elated by its brill-

iant success, which caused much comment.

In a half hour after this episode, General Griffin appeared, followed by two brigades and a battery. The main attack on the right had been defeated, and he had hastened to guard his left flank. Lieutenant George H. Ackerman, of the 22nd Massachusetts, was in charge of the brigade ambulances. He was originally a private in Co. A with Lieutenant Bourne. We were solicitous about our friend, and at 6 P. M., after the engagement, we rode to the division field hospital to see him. It was located a mile in the rear and consisted of four large tents, each being of the dimensions of 16 ft. by 35 ft. They were filled with the wounded, many of whom were Confederates, and all received faithful attention.

We found Lieutenant Bourne in a very comfortable condition. The wound was in the calf of a leg. The ball had barely lodged and had been easily removed. We all felt that he had escaped lightly and

would fully recover before the expiration of his term in October. We parted in excellent spirits; all the anxiety manifested was by him for us. He was retained at a hospital in City Point for a few days, and we heard from him there as improving rapidly. He was then sent to Philadelphia and was joined by his mother. He had been enfeebled by hardships and gangrene supervened, causing his death on September 23. His friends in the army were shocked; they had just received notice of his promotion to the rank of captain.

General Hancock, with the 2nd Corps, moved down the Weldon railroad to destroy it for thirteen miles, and on the 25th was attacked at Reams's station, four miles south of us, by Hill's Corps. The 5th Corps was ordered under arms to support our comrades, but waited for a request from General Hancock for aid, before marching. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Sherwin, who was on Griffin's staff, called on General Hancock early in the day, and was assured

by him that he could easily hold his lines.

General Miles was, on this date, in command for the first time of a division in battle. During the afternoon, some new troops, which were placed in a strong position, supposed to be impregnable, gave way, and the corps was badly beaten. This was so sudden and unexpected that we did not have an opportunity to take part in the action. General Hancock complained that the character of the recruits had deteriorated and that in some regiments the majority of the men were undrilled recruits who could not speak the English language. There were many Belgians among the recruits. The poor fellows seemed willing to do their duty, but understood neither German nor French, and were of very little value. There was quite a detachment of this element received at this time by the 32nd Mass. Volunteers. The effect was injurious upon the old troops. It discouraged them, as it gave the impression that the country was becoming either exhausted or

indifferent. The Pennsylvania recruits were to the last desirable men, patriotic and stalwart citizens.

An order was issued during the summer, directing that all enlisted men in our ranks who had been in the Confederate service, should be sent to Army Headquarters for transfer to the forces fighting the Indians. There were several in our brigade; two or three were in the 32nd Massachusetts and had fine records with it. They enlisted at the prison camps in the North, and could expect no mercy from the rebels if captured by them. Their identity was unmistakable; their dialect and peculiar smile and expression when pleased could not be counterfeited. The rank and file in the Confederate army when prisoners, w. ordinarily very patient, and many had misgivings concerning the justice of their cause. Some of them said it was the rich man's war and the poor man's fight.

Large details for fatigue duty were required, as a defensive line was being ex-

tended in close proximity to one in process of construction by the enemy. General Hancock had a band in his corps, and directed that it should be placed in a sheltered position and enliven the workers with patriotic airs. The Confederates fired a shell which went over the dispensers of harmony and the music stopped as though it had been cut off with a knife, and a shout of derision arose from both lines. The music in nearly all the regiments was that furnished by buglers; even the fife and drum were almost obsolete in the Army of the Potomac in 1864. Our troops never advanced to battle accompanied by the strains of martial music. It was at one time supposed that bugle calls could be used successfully in directing in action the skirmishing lines. Colonel Gove, in drilling us, would sound the calls. It was ascertained that very many could never learn to distinguish them. In practical warfare, the calls on the bugle would warn the enemy of our movements.

We remained for several weeks near the Globe Tavern on the Weldon Railroad. The cavalry was on picket duty, south of us, and was in continual touch with the enemy. On the afternoon of a September day, the Confederate infantry made a vigorous attack upon this force. Our brigade came to its assistance and found our comrades dismounted and fighting desperately in small groups. They were very glad to see the infantry and to hear the sound of its musketry when it deployed and advanced. The rebels soon abandoned their assault.

In this month we received inspiring news from Sherman and Sheridan. Military information of all descriptions was promptly imparted to the army, and this consideration was appreciated. I recall one circular, in which General Grant said that General Early was retreating to the Potomac and the authorities in Washington believed he would be intercepted. The general added sententiously, "I doubt it." Sherman's celebrated dispatch of September 4, 1864,

announcing, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won!" was hailed as the precursor of our final success.

Upon September 30th Griffin's and Ayres's divisions of the 5th Corps moved to the left about two miles and attacked the enemy at Peeble's farm. The intrenchment assailed was quite strong, but our division swept over it with slight loss. We crossed 600 yards over a field under fire. Colonel Welch of the 16th Michigan was killed, and Colonel Edmands of the 32nd Massachusetts wounded. Our troops were immediately ordered to prepare for the counter attack that it was supposed the Confederates would deliver when reinforced. Wilcox's and Potter's divisons of the 9th Corps soon passed through our line to the front, and we withdrew at noon from the breastwork and stacked arms, and awaited further orders. The day was delightful and we were in excellent humor, feeling that our work was over for the time and well done.

At 5.30 P. M. a sustained musketry fire was heard in our front, and it was plain that the 9th Corps had been defeated and was being followed. The brigade took arms and filed to the left and faced to the front, so as to advance in line of battle through a narrow belt of woods into a field in which there was a commanding undulation. By common consent this little elevation was our objective point. There was a narrow road through the woods and Colonel Gregory and I were riding over it when General Griffin and his staff galloped furiously past us to the front. His division flag, rectangular in shape with a red Maltese cross on white ground, was conspicuous. I then observed that our brigade color was absent and called Colonel Gregory's attention to it. He stopped and shouted for the mounted orderly who was its bearer. I rode on into the field and overtook the color sergeant of the 32nd Massachusetts Volunteers who was a sprinter and ahead of his battalion, which was emerging from the

woods, and hastening to the front, I told him to wait for his regiment. It came into line in a moment and with the 91st and 155th Pennsylvania occupied the defensive position indicated, and checked the enemy. Our men fired while lying down, and General Griffin put artillery about twenty yards behind them, and as it was unmasked by the staff officers who were riding to and fro in rear of the infantry it would hurl solid shot at a lively rate. General Griffin was with us, and five out of eight horses ridden by him and his staff were shot. I had a scrub mount furnished by the quartermaster. He seemed invulnerable.

I was the only representative of the brigade headquarters present with the brigade, and after the action had continued for twenty minutes it became necessary to move to the left. I considered it presumptuous for me to continue the palpable fiction of giving orders in Colonel Gregory's name. I asked the three commanders of the regiments if they knew where he was and receiving re-

plies in the negative, I remarked that he must have been wounded, and notified Colonel A. L. Pearson of the 155th Pennsylvania Volunteers, that, being the ranking officer present, the command devolved upon him. Colonel Pearson gave the necessary orders for a slight movement and in a few moments the fight was virtually over, and the 9th Corps relieved us.

As we were about to withdraw Colonel Gregory and nearly all of his staff came up. He spoke to me censoriously, asking where I had been, and said he had been uneasy about me. This was too much for my patience, and I replied that I had been with the brigade. This closed the discussion, and our relations became at once cordial. I learned that Colonel Gregory had been in the woods which skirted the right of the field during the engagement. If he had not lost the brigade it certainly had lost him. General Meade inspected the new positions within a day or two and was attended by several staff officers. I saw a shell whose

flight was nearly ended desend in the group. General Meade's escape was very narrow; two or three who were beside him were struck.

Upon October 3rd, 1864, I left the brigade to join my regiment at City Point, as it was about to depart for Boston to be mustered out. Colonel Gregory was very cordial in his expressions of regard, and offered to aid in securing me a field officer's commission from the Governor of Pennsylvania. Our association had been very agreeable on the whole. The only unpleasant episode was the brief conversation after the evening battle upon September 30th. I had preserved strict silence regarding the incident, and my opinion of his leadership.

We left City Point October 5th, and were in Washington on the evening of the 6th, and remained there a day and were then provided with transportation on box freight cars, and arrived in Baltimore at 9 P. M. The air was very chilly but no shelter was furnished, and the regiment slept upon the

sidewalks. We continued our journey in the box cars to Philadelphia, and were detained there nearly thirty-six hours. We were quartered in a comfortable building, and given our meals by the citizens, whose hospitality remained undiminished to the last, making a record for patriotism and hospitality that will forever endear their city to the American people.

We arrived in Boston October 10th, and were given a very cordial reception, but there was nought more eloquent than our thinned ranks to the spectators and ourselves. Those who were gone were not forgotten by their comrades, and let us hope that those who perished for their country or who served it faithfully under arms, will live forever in the memory of a grateful nation.

CHAPTER XI.

Muster out.—Views of Senator Wilson October 17th, 1864.—Visit to Washington.—Casey's board.—Lincoln's remark.—Arrival at the front.—Colored troops.—Observations of Lieut. Ackerman.—The 54th Massachusetts.—Brevet commissions.—Interview with General Griffin.—President Lincoln's levee.—His appearance physically.—Outworn by toil and care.—The veterans and the people.—Liquor in the army.—Present system opposed.—Recognition of merit a potent factor.—Volunteers keep army in touch with the people.—Thomas Scott's services.—Compensations for prolonged war.—Effusive demonstrations deprecated.—Change in the methods caused by telegraph and press. Glorious to live for the country.—Valedictory.

When we assembled on Boston Common October 17th, 1864, for muster out, Senator Henry Wilson was present and warmly greeted. He was as usual very frank in his expressions, and said he was not satisfied with the situation despite recent successes which did not seem to him conclusive. General Hood was operating against

Sherman's communications with considerable success, and was very elusive. The Senator was troubled by the activity of the southern sympathizers in Indiana and Illinois. He dwelt upon the grave nature of the financial problems to be solved, saying that the expenditures were enormous and that our resources were being taxed to the utmost. I knew that he had full information and was sanguine in temperament, and that after the defeat at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, he was full of energy and determination, and his uneasiness impressed me unfavorably.

Upon October 19th, General Early was defeated decisively at Cedar Creek, Va., and the success of the Union arms in the Shenandoah Valley was henceforth undisputed. President Lincoln was re-elected in November, 1864; he had less than seven thousand majority over General McClellan in New York. McClellan repudiated the platform of the convention which nominated him. It declared that the war was a failure and

that assertion was the issue of the political campaign. If Lincoln had been defeated at the polls it is difficult to believe that the Union cause would have triumphed.

It had been the intention of several officers of the 22nd Massachusetts to raise a new regiment, with the old designation if possible, and the officers of the new regiment were to be selected from members of the old organization. It was believed that this project was feasible, but it was soon ascertained that the government would not sanction it. It adopted the sound policy of sending all recruits to veteran regiments, at the wrong time for us.

I was anxious to remain in the service to the end, and in January, 1865, went to Washington and tried to secure an appointment as Assistant Adjutant General, with an assignment to a brigade staff. I had very good papers; among them were two commendatory letters from all the officers present with the 32nd Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania Volunteers. These

were prepared and mailed to me after I had reached my home. I called upon Senator Wilson and Representative Gooch for information and assistance, and learned that no more appointments would be made of staff officers. It was suggested that I should go before General Casey's board for the examination of candiates for commissions in the colored troops.

This gave me an opportunity to present the opinions that existed in the army regarding the methods which were practised by that board. When it was first instituted much interest was excited among the rank and file of the veteran regiments, and it seemed very probable that they would lose very many valuable non-commissioned officers. It was soon discovered that the tests were not practical, but scholastic and theoretical, and men whose records would secure commissions in their regiments if vacancies existed, failed to pass examination. Sergeants like Philip Wenzell who could ably command a battalion

in battle were rejected. Students from a preparatory school at Philadelphia and graduates of educational institutions succeeded. I remarked to the Senator that I could not pass as good an examination as when I first enlisted, as I had forgotten much of my text book lore in the strenuous and absorbing work of actual warfare.

He was much interested. I probably confirmed statements he had heard from others, and he offered me a commission as major in the colored troops, without examination. I knew he could secure it, as General Casey had been ignored repeatedly, but asked time for consideration, as I wished to consult my friends in the army.

President Lincoln had a short time before written to the War Department, directing that an officer having an excellent record be commissioned in the colored troops, without reference to his knowledge relative to the color of Julius Cæsar's wife's hair.

I obtained without much difficulty a permit to visit the army, and took passage

upon a steamer from Washington to City Point, and from thence I made my way to the camps of the 1st Division of the 5th Corps, near Poplar Spring Church, not far from the scene of our battles at Peeble's Farm September 30th, 1864. I found the veteran regiments of the division in the 3rd Brigade. It consisted of the 20th Maine, 32nd Massachusetts, 1st Michigan, 16th Michigan, 83rd Pennsylvania, 91st Pennsylvania, 118th Pennsylvania and 155th Pennsylvania Volunteers. It was under the command of General J. J. Bartlett, and the next ranking officer was Colonel A. L. Pearson of the 155th Pennsylvania, and he had the command of the brigade for a considerable portion of the time. He was at its head during the pursuit of General Lee from Petersburg, as General Bartlett had relieved General Griffin when he assumed command of the corps in place of General Warren. Colonel Gregory was in command of a brigade composed of the 187th and 188th New York Volunteers. It was sup-

posed that the object in thus reorganizing the division was to place the seasoned troops in a brigade, that could be implicitly relied upon in every possible emergency.

I was the guest of my friends in the 32nd Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania, and was very cordially welcomed. Lieut. Ackerman had re-enlisted in the winter of 1863–64, and was now in the 32nd Massachusetts, and had been promoted to the charge of all the ambulances of the division, and was in high favor with General Griffin. He possessed good judgment and his opportunities for observation were exceptional. I knew him to be free from race prejudice, and asked his advice regarding the acceptance of the commission in the colored troops proffered me by Senator Wilson. He was very frank and positive in his opinion, and stated that during my absence a campaign had been undertaken in which the 9th Corps participated. I suppose it was the Hatcher's Run movement. He further said

that his duties were such that he could observe the behavior of all the troops employed. The marching was not trying but severe fighting was anticipated, and the woods were thronged with colored stragglers; their officers did not control them. They were with but few exceptions inexperienced and the men knew it, and did not in the presence of danger respect them or accept their leadership. The memory of their subserviency to their former masters was an incubus upon them, and the spell could only be broken successfully by the authority and example of officers of long experience and desperate resolution.

The advice of Lieut. Ackerman not to accept was approved generally by many friends, and was conclusive with me. These troops were very tractable in camp and were almost perfect in drill, and General Casey's methods would have sufficed for a peace establishment, but for the service then required in the presence of an infuriated enemy they were inadequate. The colored

men absolutely needed better officers than the white troops, but under this system were commanded by those who as a class were inferior in the essential quality of intrepidity to the leaders of the veteran battalions of European descent.

The 54th Massachusetts, a colored regiment under Colonel Shaw, and his fine corps of commissioned officers appointed by Governor Andrew, was a noble regiment. The colored troops in the West, where they were organized upon a different theory, and properly commanded were very efficient. The colored troops in the 9th Corps were, shortly after the Hatcher's Run campaign, transferred to the Army of the James.

I learned that recommendations for brevet commissions had been called for. The purpose was to recognize service rendered during the campaigns of 1864. The inquiry was made of me by my friends if I had been honored, and the impression was general that Colonel Gregory had ignored me. The names of many others had been announced

unofficially from many sources, and the inference was unfavorable to me. The indignation in the 32nd Massachusetts and 155th Pennsylvania was intense and freely expressed, and while I desired justice I wished my friends to be discreet, and so informed them. I waited for three days and called upon General Griffin, and was very cordially received. He discussed the peninsular campaign of 1862, in a very able manner, and gave his opinion of General Crawford with startling frankness. He made no reflection upon his courage, but questioned his ability. In reply to a remark by me to the effect that I had not been treated justly, he suggested that I should call upon Colonel Gregory, and say that General Griffin had requested me to wait upon him, and state that something had been forgotten, and should be made right. I followed the advice. Colonel Gregory was very pleasant and adroit. His political training came in play, and he adopted the general's hint, and said he

had forgotten me, and asked what I wanted. I replied that as the rest of the staff had been remembered it was a reflection upon me to be unnoticed, and that I would be satisfied with one grade. He promised to send my name up for that.

Several months later I was informed officially that I had been commissioned a Brevet Lieut. Colonel U. S. Volunteers, which was one rank higher than I expected, and I am convinced that I owe it to General Charles Griffin.

When General G. K. Warren was relieved the following April at Five Forks, from the command of the 5th Corps, General Griffin was made his successor, though as I inferred from a remark made by him in January, that General Crawford was the senior, and displayed great skill and vigor in the pursuit of the army of General Lee. He died soon after the war, while in command of an important district in Texas. He was urged to leave, as yellow fever was raging. He replied that it would be too much like

abandoning men under fire, and remained and perished a victim of the scourge. His death was felt with the force of a family affliction by thousands who had served under him, and is never recalled at their gatherings without evoking deep emotion. His life was an inspiring example in every path of duty.

I remained in Washington for a few days, and was present at a public reception or levee by the President, at the White House. The attendance was not very large, and I had an opportunity to see our great chief. He was very genial in manner, and escorted several ladies in turn in a promenade among his guests in the East Room. I was much shocked by the change in his appearance since the spring of 1863, when he reviewed the army before the Chancellorsville campaign. He stooped very much, and was somewhat emaciated and seemed to be feeble, and looked like an invalid whose end was not far off. It is doubtful whether he would have lived two years if he had escaped

the bullet of the assassin. In 1861 he was vigorous and young physically for his years. In 1865 his semblance was that of a man of seventy years, outworn by toil and care. At this time he was not quite 56 years old.

It was obvious that the people did not regard the veteran soldiers with the confidence that they deserved, and did not stop to discriminate between those whose service had been at the front, and others who had been subjected to the demoralizing influences of garrison duty. The contest was so near that the masses could not clearly perceive its lights and shadows, and were dazed and bewildered by the procession of wonderful events, and could only grasp mentally great results. The men who were steadfast at the front, were animated by a devotion to duty that has made them valuable citizens since the war. Their loyalty to the cause was not blind and unreasoning. Other armies were animated by equal enthusiasm, but none ever represented more intelligently the highest aspirations of a mighty people.

The war in its sterner aspects demanded strict obedience to orders, and the most strenuous physical efforts by the combatants. It developed many of the noblest traits of human nature. Common sufferings and dangers created friendships that were as strong as the ties of kindred. The word comrade had a deep significance at the front. Many who in civil life would be regarded as selfish would risk their lives freely to rescue their friends. Those who served long on the firing lines undoubtedly left the army with a higher conception of the nobility of human nature than they entertained when they enrolled. There existed among us an element composed of brave and capable men, who declined promotion preferring to remain on equal footing with old associates in the ranks, content like Warren at Bunker Hill, to serve in an humble position. Thousands perishing in the gloom of defeat met their fate with heroic patience, their reward on earth being the consciousness of duty nobly done.

"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

War on the whole is demoralizing, especially in its ramifications at the rear in garrisons, and as a factor in civil life. It is simply legalized murder and is justifiable only when necessary to avert a greater evil.

The people believed that their soldiers had become addicted to the use of liquor, and would be inefficient in business in consequence. This impression was erroneous, although commissioned officers in the field could buy whiskey of the commissary, and the privilege was often abused. Company commanders would at their discretion favor their men with orders for whiskey, and as much care was exercised very little harm resulted. The government ration was about a gill per man. I do not believe that it was issued a dozen times in our regiment during the whole term of its service. In the summer of 1864 the teams were not accessible from May 4th to June 12th, and there was a whiskey famine for that period, but

it did not provoke much complaint. Fully four fifths of our men when they enlisted were not addicted to the use of liquor, but the large majority would take it if issued; many would refuse it or give it to some friend. I recollect that an order was at one time promulgated directing that whiskey should not be issued to those who did not drink it.

I believe that the above conditions exist to-day, and that the theory that the enlisted men will obtain liquor at all hazards, and that they should be supplied with malt beverages at the Canteens, or authorized supply stores, is a fallacy. The government tries to secure recruits of good habits, and should not give aid to demoralizing influences. If at any time it is deemed necessary for the health of the troops, whiskey can be issued to those who wish for it. I am clearly of the opinion that it could easily be of a better grade than that furnished during the civil war. Quinine was compounded with it when it was first issued

on the Peninsula. It gave variety to the flavor if it did not improve it.

I saw in the Canteen at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, in October, 1894, soldiers who had made too free use of its bar. If officers and men become unfitted for duty owing to the use of liquor, under the same general regulations as existed during the war, they should be discharged from the service.

Intemperate men are worthless in the army, and attempts should not be made to reform chronic cases; evil examples should be treated as nuisances and promptly abated. Good material is abundant, and our gallant army should in every respect creditably represent the people.

The volunteers in the civil war were the forceful embodiment of the intelligence, martial spirit and conscience of the people. They enlisted with the expectation of fighting, were enthusiasts for the cause, and desired to return if spared, to their old homes, with reputations that would honor

their declining years, and be prized as an inheritance by their descendants.

Recognition of merit is an inspiring and potent factor in the ranks. In the volunteer service, commissions in the lowest grade were, as a rule, filled by promotion from the enlisted men. The tenure of commissions, like the term of service, was comparatively brief, and it was feasible to eliminate the inefficient by inviting their resignations and giving them honorable discharges. Those who thus left the army were not subjected to any hardship, as they were not deprived of permanent positions. Very many valuable officers, whose resignations were reluctantly accepted, also left the service for various reasons, and added to them were those incapacitated by sickness and wounds.

The result of these causes was an almost complete change in the personnel of the commissioned officers on duty with their companies. This brought the natural leaders to the front, and the effect was salutary.

A volunteer army, based upon the militia, can with a preliminary organization that is practicable, be readily mobilized. The volunteers keep the army, including its administrative departments, in touch with the people, and give it the benefit of intelligent criticism from a business standpoint. The failure of the supply service of the British army in the Crimean war, and the collapse of the entire French military system, in the war of 1870 with Germany, illustrate the dangers of extreme conservatism and exemption from free inspection and frank discussion. Intelligent and zealous inexperience seems preferable to the dry rot of complacent conceit.

The great problems in transportation, and in the management of other large business interests, have been successfully solved by men whose executive ability can be utilized by the government during a period of active warfare. Thomas Scott of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and other civilians, rendered invaluable aid in

transferring the 11th and 12th Corps of the Army of the Potomac to Tennessee. Twenty thousand men with artillery and trains were massed in Washington, and in six days were placed in Bridgport, Tenn., 994 miles distant. The lines used were single track and in only fair condition. These troops, under Hooker, reopened the lines of communication that were essential for the supply of our half-starved army at Chattanooga, which the Confederates regarded as their assured prey.

The transfer of troops from the two contending armies in Virginia to the west was of far-reaching benefit, as it taught the country the nature of the struggle in the east. The corps of General Longstreet was far superior in fighting qualities to General Bragg's, whom it came to assist. General Meade stated in an address, shortly before his death, that sixty-seven per cent. of the casualties incurred by the Union forces during the war were in the Army of the Potomac. No attempt has been made to refute

his assertion. This army represented every section of the loyal North, and its survivors are widely dispersed, and cherish fondly reminiscences of its sufferings and achievements.

As our army was disbanded foreign writers and publicists predicted that disorder would prevail, and many even in the North shared that belief, which time has proved mistaken. The veterans entered upon their campaign in civic life as conservative and law-abiding citizens, who appreciated the cost of our institutions and have been a safeguard instead of a menace to public tranquillity.

When in the far distant future their merits shall be weighed, this will be considered as among the strongest of their claims to the grateful regard of posterity.

They have been willing to forgive much in the interest of peace and harmony, and have done much to check the fury of non-combatants that is always rampant after a civil war. We will not forget our comrades, or cease to honor their memory,

and cheerfully accord to our former foes the same privilege regarding their dead, and would have but little respect for them if they were indifferent to those who fought with such indomitable valor for what they considered a sacred cause. Our triumph was that of a humane nationality, and placed the prosperity of the country upon assured foundations. The importance of the material results is universally conceded in the South by thoughtful people. That section is bound by business ties to the Union as closely as Scotland is to England. As Scotland cherishes the fame of its heroes who fought so gallantly against its powerful neighbor, so can our Southern brethren exult in the valor and fortitude displayed by their troops in the war of the Rebellion. We can regard their homage to the past with equanimity, and even with admiration, and in full confidence that it does not affect the future of our country.

The fact that the war was prolonged and exhaustive in its character has its compen-

sations, and among them the fact that the world now understands that the nation will make every possible sacrifice to maintain its unity. Its triumph was not an accident that might not again occur, but was the reward of unstinted expenditures of life and money.

Efforts to demonstrate that entire harmony exists between the sections are gratuitous and often mischievous, because irritation may be developed. We ought not to protest our friendship effusively, as it may be construed as betraying doubt and suspicion, but in unobtrusive ways do justice to all concerned, trusting to the healing influences of time to seal with affection the Union that has been decreed by fate.

During the past fifty years a wondrous change has been wrought almost unperceived in our legislative and administrative methods. The telegraph and press as disseminators of news have been great factors in promoting the growth of democracy in the broadest and noblest sense of the term.

The people are now in close touch with current events, and popular conclusions are quickly formed and can be measured by acute observers. Executive officials and legislators now wait for the development of public opinion before committing themselves to new policies, and it is important that the people be thoroughly grounded in their convictions upon fundamental questions and principles. They will not then sanction measures which when taught by experience their sober judgment will disapprove.

War is always popular with the thoughtless elements of society. They are invariably ready to enter upon it with light hearts and are generally the first to falter when the task becomes crucial. The war was sustained in the North in its darkest hours by the element which deplored its commencement, but regarded the path of victory as the only way of escape that could be considered. For many years after the Rebellion the blessings of peace were ap-

preciated by the vast majority of our population, but now the horrors and burdens of war are largely forgotten, and the pomp, enthusiasm and glory, that in the imagination of the multitude enshroud it, have undue sway.

It was the fate of an immense number to perish for their country. It is also glorious for the youth of the present day to live for it, in such a way that it may lead in the beneficent paths of peace.

When war is once entered upon the prestige of our arms must be sustained, and the defenders of our flag must fight with the determination to win or die. They will have glorious traditions for their guidance. The soldiers of the Civil War left the military history of our country a noble heritage of deeds of valor and devotion that will forever be an inspiring influence with their successors.

I have found my self-imposed task of preparing this narrative quite laborious, but in many respects agreeable. When

the veteran dilates upon his campaigns and feels that perchance his readers may be appreciative his heart glows with pleasure.

"His Heaven commences ere the world be past."

I hope these pages may be regarded as an acceptable contribution to the literature of the war and add to the respect entertained for the memory of my comrades who have gone to their reward.

THE END.

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